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October 21, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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RICHARD WHALEN

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E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

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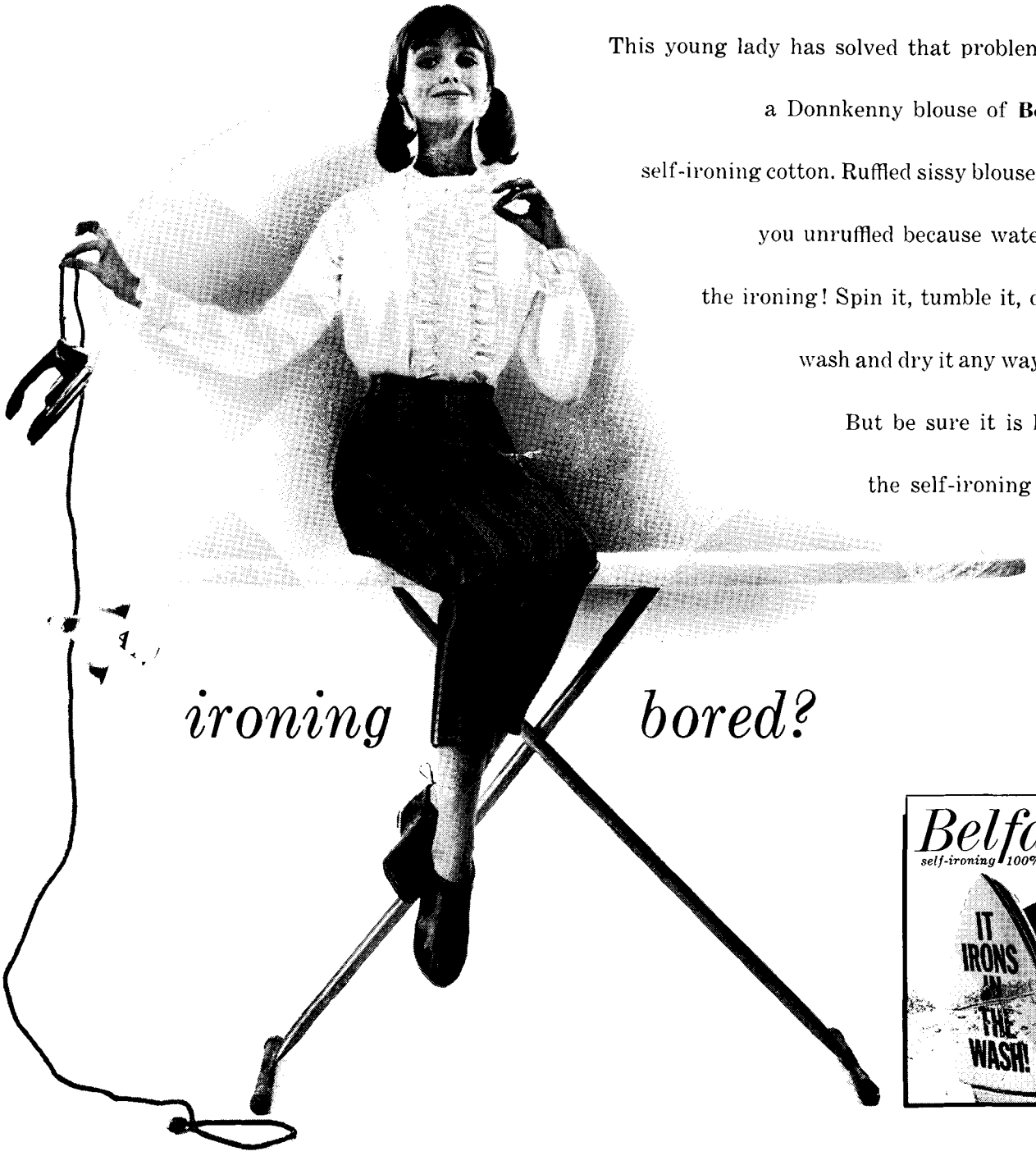

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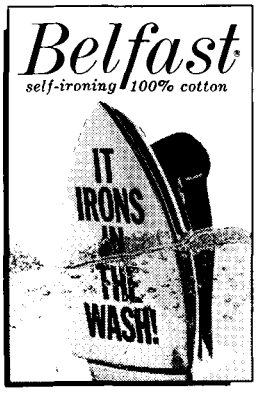

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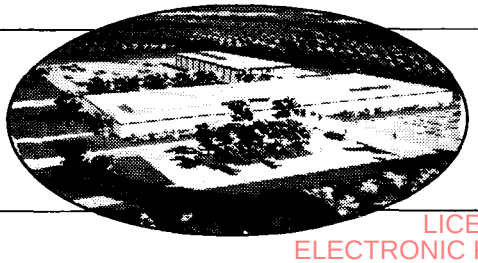

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We feature yet another look at the abidingly fascinating case of Sacco and Vanzetti. **Max Eastman** is one of the many intellectuals who were deeply moved and militantly by what they considered the sacrifice of two innocent men to the social demands of the established order. The intellectuals' resonant outrage has kept the case alive—but the battle is not going their way. Mr. Eastman is working on a new book. When the weather turns a little colder, he will leave his barony on Martha's Vineyard, to winter, as usual, in New York. . . . **"Lev Ladnek,"** who examines the premises of the New Frontier's approach to Spain, knows whereof he speaks: he is a lifetime student of a) Spain, and b) Liberalism. . . . Professor **Thomas Molnar** is back at Brooklyn University from a trip to Europe and the Middle East, and writes perceptively about Israel and the Arab refugees. . . . **James Burnham** introduces into the analysis of the world situation two liberating concepts: Type C, and Type W. . . . **Russell Kirk** is back from Europe. Shortly before returning, he attended the annual meeting of the famous Mt. Pelerin Society, the social register of conservatives and free-market scholars and writers. He reports on the gradual ascendancy within the society of conservative, as distinguished from merely free-market, thought. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** is in this country on his annual lecture tour.

➔ **Richard Whalen** reviews three interesting books on the Cold War, principally Edgar Ansel Mowrer's eloquent and timely *An End to Make-Believe.* Mr. Whalen continues to write editorials for the *Wall Street Journal.* . . . **Edwin McDowell,** who writes about William Randolph Hearst, is also a young but highly experienced editorial writer, for the *Arizona Republic.* . . . **Louise Cowan** is chairman of the English Department of the University of Dallas. . . . **Francis Russell,** who does a short and unkind (and unforgettable) history of the Buchman movement, is about ready to send *his* book on Sacco and Vanzetti to press. He held it up until he got permission from the state to have fresh bullets fired through the murder weapon. **Ralph de Toledano** is busy preparing the first edition of *World,* a Washington conservative Sunday newspaper—but he found the time, let us all be grateful, to listen to, and write about, *Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll.*

➔ Professor Willmoore Kendall is back from Spain and is writing editorials for *NR.* He has resigned from Yale University where conservatives are, along with God, unintegrated; and is at work on a couple of important volumes on the theory of free speech and the democratic society. Ideologically unemployed (due to the effects of Liberal automation), he is living in Northford, Conn., and weighing a return to Spain or France, where he is much in demand as a lecturer on political theory, and academic freedom as practiced in the centers of humane learning in the U.S. ➔

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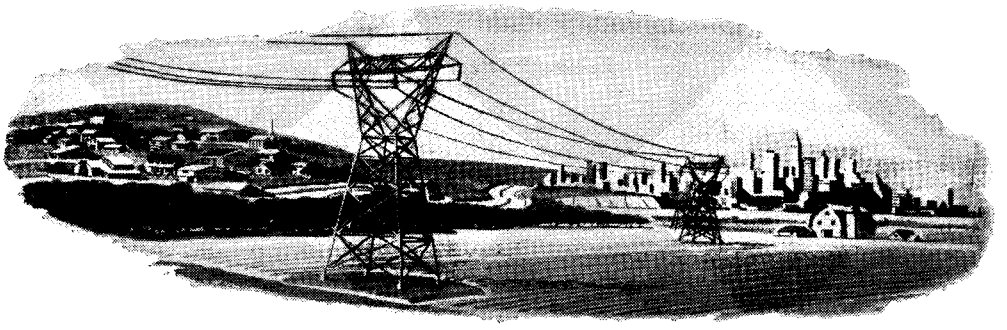

WHY...?

WHY are some people urging the federal government to spend billions more on electric power plants when the federal budget is already hard pressed to meet the nation's defense needs?

WHY are some people trying to get the government to spend money needlessly on federal electric transmission lines instead of using existing and planned facilities of the investor-owned electric light and power companies?

WHY do certain pressure groups keep pushing for more federal government electricity when the electric light and power companies can supply all the additional power the nation will ever need?

WHY should the federal government spend money needlessly when it can *get* money instead—through the additional taxes the investor-owned electric companies will produce if they supply all of the power for the future?

WHY should the federal government ever waste its effort on jobs American industry can do better, especially when there are so many other problems in the country and the world that only the government can deal with?

The answers to all of these questions are important to you—because they can help curb further waste of your tax money.

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The WEEK

● Quoth Adlai Stevenson: "We've made some progress with respect to the problem of the Secretary General." Unavailable for comment at press time: the Secretary General.

● In the week ending October 4, the gold supply of the United States faded by $101 million. Many factors not under the control of the Federal Government, such as foreign interest rates and the flow of private investment capital, contributed to this move. But the most important long-term factors remain, as always, susceptible to governmental influence and, as almost always in the last thirty years, have been either ignored or aggravated. Are foreign interest rates too high? The same day the gold flow was announced, the Federal Reserve announced it had made the largest weekly purchase of government securities in ten years—in effect, stuffing the commercial banks with reserves on which they in turn can lend out about six times as much, with resultant decreases in domestic interest rates, increases in the floating supply of purchasing media, therefore inflation, therefore further incentive for shifting capital to foreign countries with sane money policies. United States exports, being high-priced, are finding fewer and fewer buyers. Foreign production, being lower-priced, noses into our harbors in growing tonnages. Our trade balance is collapsing. Our costs are too high? Raise taxes, load business with more paperwork for Washington, smile on unions striking for wages they haven't earned, refuse to modify depreciation rules to attract investment in new equipment, make duPont sell its GM stock, make GM dilapidate into bitsy pieces, whiplash every business between the contradictions of the anti-trust laws. So who's minding the store?

● The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has released its report on the case of Povl Bang-Jensen, the Danish diplomat whom Dag Hammarskjold cashiered for what boiled down to his refusal to divulge the names of the Hungarian witnesses who testified, at considerable risk to themselves and their families, at the UN investigation of the Hungarian uprising of 1956. In November 1959, in a little park on Long Island, Bang-Jensen's body was discovered—with a bullet through the head. The Subcommittee report judiciously presents its conclusions: that Bang-Jensen's "suicide" is unproven; that the Soviet secret police had reason to kill him; that it is prudent to assume Soviet infiltration in administrative positions at the UN and in the major governmental agencies of the United States; and that the security procedures in the UN leave much to be desired. The end of Povl Bang-Jensen must be set down as: a mystery, as yet unexplained.

● Readers of the September 27 *Congressional Record* (House) will, according to their lights, cry heresy or rise to applaud at the remarks of John J. Rhodes (R., Ariz.) and Glenard P. Lipscomb (R., Calif.). These two worthies concerted together to flash the light of reason on the recent Belgrade Conference of "neutral" nations. "Opportunism of the most blatant kind," said Rhodes, "born of the fear engendered by Soviet displays of raw power . . . has exposed the utter bankruptcy of . . . American foreign policy. . . . There is no middle way—our enemies will not permit it. . . . We must at all costs avoid doing anything . . . which will assist the enemy. . . . The victory we seek involves risks. . . . If the leader will not lead what can be the fate of the followers? . . . Time is our enemy, not our friend. . . . Today our situation demands not a Richelieu but a Stonewall Jackson." Lipscomb, particularizing, said we should not negotiate with the enemy "when there is nothing about which to negotiate. . . . We should give serious consideration to an absolute embargo upon trade with the enemy. . . . Prevent admission of Red China [and Outer Mongolia] to the UN. . . . Make amply clear that we reserve unto ourselves the decision to use nuclear weapons at any time and any place where our national security demands it. . . . Expose to the world the vast weaknesses of the Sino-Soviet bloc rather than to help to propagandize their unproven strengths and shabby circus tricks." *Bravo.*

● Nothing succeeds like success, and of success the European Common Market has a joyous abundance: a 7 per cent annual rate of economic growth since 1955, and gold reserves that will within a year or two surpass the total held by what used to be the world's banker, the United States. Britain's historic decision to seek membership in the Common Market clears away the last obstacle that stood between the present community and an economic integration of the entire Western World. M. Emmanuel G. M. Monick, head of the Banque de Paris des Pays-Bas, sees England as a full member of the Common Market in 1963, and thinks her entry will be followed by that of the rest of the Commonwealth nations and Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, Switzerland and Austria. Logic and economics will finally sweep the United States into this partnership too: currently one-third of our exports and one-half of our trade surplus come from European trade. The U.S. will draw Latin America along with it. By then the Atlantic Common Market should be large enough to draw into its orbit the nascent market groups in

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Africa and Asia. Then it will be the Free World united on the only basis that endures: self-interest. And not least among the blessings of such an alliance is this: that the U.S. will finally be forced to adopt and sustain within its borders the classical, proven, beneficent monetary and fiscal policies that have breathed life into western Europe. How's that for a positive program?

● Kwame Nkrumah, Gauleiter of Ghana, evidently picked up a few tricks of the trade during his extensive visit last summer to the Khrushchev-Mao Zone of Peace. He was hardly back home before he fired the talented and non-political English-born Major General H. T. Alexander, who had for many decades devotedly served Africa—and Ghana, since Ghana's independence, as Chief of her General Staff. General Alexander was the last white man in Ghana's military force, and a few days later the Father of his Country gave the sack to Geoffrey Bing, Q. C., the legal administrator and scholar (also white) who had tried as Ghana's Attorney General to help give the new nation a government of laws. The reason for Counselor Bing's departure was perhaps not unrelated to the simultaneous jailing, without charge or indictment or citation of any specific act, of fifty native-born black Ghanese whom Nkrumah felt to be "opponents." Among them was Joe Appiah, who became well-known in England when he married the daughter of the famous lawyer, Sir Stafford Cripps, who as a member of the postwar Labor Cabinet directed India's transformation to independence. Mrs. Appiah, apparently for the generic crime of a white skin, has been ordered deported without her children. To top things off, Kiwesi Armah—known in London heretofore as an intelligence and propaganda agent operating in the most extreme African racialist circles —was named Ghana's High Commissioner to Great Britain. In face of this seemingly plain enough picture, plans for the Queen's visit to Ghana later this autumn go forward. Strange that the Western leaders wonder why the neutralists insult them so blithely!

● Portugal has announced some important reforms for its African provinces of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea. The "Indigenato" law, which distinguished between "assimilated" and "unassimilated" natives, is abandoned. Small, rural native communities forming the "Regedorias" will elect their own administrators and through such officers will run their own local affairs. Multi-racial integration (a traditional Portuguese policy) will be accelerated by increased rural settlement of Portuguese from the mainland and of Portuguese and natives from other provinces; wandering natives will be encouraged to adopt a stable agricultural life. Native rights to community lands will be protected, while the natives will retain the right to acquire vacant lands under any title, even that of mere occupation. Collective bargaining and minimum wage practices will be strengthened without discrimination. Agencies handling the production and marketing of crops such as coffee, cotton and cereals, will be transferred from Lisbon to Angola and Mozambique, prior to establishing a common market for all the Portuguese territories. Such a program, had it been announced by, say, Fidel Castro, would have drawn tears of joy from Liberal eyes. But Portugal is not Cuba; Liberals don't like Portugal; and so anything Portugal does is anathema to Liberals. We're happy to announce it's mutual.

● Even in India, things ain't what they used to be. Master Tara Singh, leader of the Sikhs, vowed a fast to the death for "Punjabi Suba" (a separate Sikh state of Punjab), lay down publicly on a couch in the Golden Temple, and started not eating. After a few days of this, the British Raj would have been on its knees, as so often with Gandhi, and offering this and that concession if only the faster would take a bite. Nehruji Raj, successor to the King-Emperor, is made of sterner stuff. Every morning the bulletins were posted, announcing the previous day's loss in ounces, as Tara Singh shriveled before the eyes of the masses. But Nehru gave not an inch for the ounces. And after 47 consecutive eatless days, Tara confessed defeat by sipping a swig of watermelon juice and nibbling a piece of cornbread. Nehru didn't so much as send him a hamburger.

● The ADA, which is Liberalism's Keeper of the Flame, has examined the actions of New York State representatives during the last session of Congress with an eye to publishing their heresies (the ADA-damned get zero) or smiling on their doctrinal purity (ADA saints score 100). New York's 23 Democratic congressmen averaged 97.8 per cent (there were five who were not quite perfect idiots). New York's twenty Republican congressmen averaged 15.6 per cent (or, if we gave ourselves the pleasure of scrubbing John Lindsay's 60 and Seymour Halpern's 100, the New York Republican congressmen would have averaged a beatific 8.4 per cent). New York's two Republican senators averaged 80 per cent (Kenneth Keating a fallible 60, Jacob Javits a ne'er-do-well 100). All of which illustrates 1) how far the Senate has wandered to the left of the House; 2) the solidity, not to say density, of New York Democrats; 3) the chasm between upstate New York Republicans and the New York City (read: Rockefeller) species; 4) and the kind of platform Governor Nelson Rockefeller must stand on if he wants New York State to show him the door to something bigger than Albany. One wonders what kind of income Rockefeller expects from this kind of principle.

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● The Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges (1818 R Street NW, Washington 9, D.C.) recently surveyed the opinions of 51 student leaders, 52 deans, and 33 college presidents representing 55 small colleges. Almost 90 per cent agreed with the statement, "Student opinion on my campus is strongly anti-Communist." More than 80 per cent reported that the student body would support a college president if he fired "a teacher who advocated and actively practiced Communism." About half of the student leaders and deans, and a third of the college presidents, reported "an increasing trend to conservatism of student opinion on my campus with respect to politics." Two-thirds of the student leaders felt that their student body was unsympathetic to "the current trend of the Federal Government to increase its influence in all areas." Other estimates: the Peace Corps has significant but not majority support; students applaud President Kennedy's military build-up but are not so keen about defending West Berlin (well, did you expect perfection?). These colleges have an average enrollment of 500, most of them are co-educational, and the majority have a religious affiliation. Memo to Secretary Ribicoff of the Healthy, Wealthy and Wise Department: Keep your hands off these colleges, Abe, they're doing fine all by themselves.

● THE PACIFISTS GIRD THEIR LOINS DEPT. The London *Times* headline, over an account of the defeat of the unilaterialist disarmament wing of the British Labor Party at last week's annual convention: "UNILATERALISTS DEFEATED BY LARGE VOTE, BUT THEY VOW: 'WE WILL FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT AGAIN.'"

Surprise, Surprise!

Suddenly the headlines tell us that the situation is very bad in South Vietnam. The Viet Cong—the Communists' fighting organization, corresponding to the Laotian Pathet Lao—is stepping up its attacks in widespread areas of the countryside. Scattered, hit-and-run guerrilla bands are now supplemented by three units of battalion size (about a thousand men each). In the past few weeks there have been several thousand casualties, with nearly a thousand deaths. The loyal Vietnamese, strengthened by American supplies and technical instruction, are fighting well under the firm leadership of President Ngo Dien Diem. But it takes a big superiority in numbers and equipment, and much time, to deal with guerrillas in regions favoring irregular operations.

Indeed, it takes almost infinite numbers and equipment if the guerrilla forces are trained, supplied and reinforced from a privileged sanctuary across the boundaries. This is just what is happening in Vietnam, and just why the situation there is now so very bad. The Viet Cong has a safe channel through the areas of Laos controlled by its comrades of the Pathet Lao; thence into Ho Chi Minh's Communist state of Vietminh; and on from Vietminh to China and Russia.

Thailand, too, is filled with apprehension at the power with which the Communist thrust into Southeast Asia is now pushing southward. Already it has lapped over the border from Laos into Thailand's northeast provinces. The Thai press, during last week's SEATO meeting in Bangkok, urgently demanded something more than the usual paper promises.

Washington is so acutely alarmed that the President has decided "in principle" to send U.S. combat units to supplement the training and logistic personnel already in Southeast Asia.

Five comments seem in order:

1) It is good, at least, that our government is finally willing to recognize, and recognize openly, the seriousness of the threat to Southeast Asia—which is in its potential consequences a threat to Singapore, the South Seas passage, New Zealand and Australia, and to our own defense line in the Pacific.

2) Why have this recognition of the threat, and initial steps appropriate to meeting it, been so incredibly long delayed? Can anyone at all conversant with Southeast Asian events really be surprised at what is happening in Vietnam? NATIONAL REVIEW, which does not pretend to any magical prescience in these matters, had no difficulty in foretelling last winter that the Communist operations in Laos were inevitably the prelude to a stepped-up drive for Vietnam and Thailand. James Burnham reported from Southeast Asia last spring the view common to almost all strategists in that area: "If we do nothing in Laos —and it looks as if we are to do nothing—then the Communist boundary is automatically driven through to the borders of Thailand and South Vietnam; and indeed these borders are already breached. By fighting in Laos . . . we would be able to establish what we might call a 'moving boundary' . . . protecting Thailand and Vietnam . . . It is strategically absurd to say, 'We cannot defend Laos, but we will now undertake to defend Thailand and Vietnam.' The defense of Thailand and Vietnam is properly located precisely in Laos." If the President must throw in U.S. troops, why did he not do so last spring, and not wait until today, when his earlier indecision has made their task immensely harder—and more deadly —and when he simultaneously has the Berlin crisis on his hands?

3) And let us note the advantages which the enemy enjoys from his possession of the initiative and his use of a multi-pronged strategy. He sets off the crises at the places and times of his own choosing.

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He divides and disorients our passively defensive reactions by choosing spots a half-world apart.

4) Can anyone, confronted with today's dispatches from the Southeast Asian theater, now doubt that truth of what NATIONAL REVIEW was by no means alone in asserting last spring: that "you cannot win by negotiating what you have lost in the field"; that the then proposed negotiation on Laos could prove only a cover for our capitulation, leading at most to "a Popular Front government of the standard type that experience has proved to be simply a stage in full Communist takeover"? (*Cf.* the newly announced neutralist government under super-neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma.)

5) But most fantastic of all: It is at this moment, when with the end of the wet season the Southeast Asian situation rises toward a climax, that the UN considers welcoming Communist China into its ranks —while the United States, which could block Peiping by a single uncompromising sentence, limits its opposition to feeble lobbying and apologetic plans for further postponement. Can't the President understand that if he sells out Formosa and Free China, he would *guarantee* the loss of all Southeast Asia—and, incidentally, the American soldiers he is sending there, along with it?

On With It

The Supreme Court having sustained its own ruling of last spring, the Communist Party is directed, within thirty days, to register as a Communist-action organization with the Department of Justice, make known the names of its members, the details of its financial operations, and the location of its printing presses. The penalty for failure to comply is ten thousand dollars and/or five years' imprisonment—per day's delay! The Communists have responded as expected: Freedom is Dead in America, is the line. In fact, if the law is made to stick, it will be a bright day for freedom, which will have proved itself sensible enough to distinguish intelligently, and resourceful enough to find the means to bear down upon, the unassimilable political minority, for whom the normal rules cannot apply.

And now the problem of enforcement. The legal strategy of the Communists is not yet revealed (they swear they will not abide by the order, that rather than do so they will spend, to quote Party official Benjamin Davis, who evidently has exaggerated ideas about the accomplishments of geriatics, "hundreds of years in jail"). Almost certainly, the Communists will seek protection in the ample bosom of the Fifth Amendment. Their reasoning is likely to be as follows: to register the Party as a Communist-action organization is to make certain concessions about its relationship to a foreign power which can subsequently be held against them in a criminal action charging, say, a failure to register as foreign agents, as required by the McCormack Act. Arguments on Fifth Amendment grounds, even sophistical ones, against revealing the Party's finances and membership lists are less easy to contrive, though no doubt the legal ingenuity of the Communist lawyers will be sufficient to the challenge. Before the Supreme Court has heard the last of this one, its members will be told things about the meaning of the Constitution which even Earl Warren may find bizarre.

The problem of enforcement is in some ways related to public opinion. Mr. Robert Kennedy said dutifully that the Supreme Court having ruled, the McCarran Act becomes the law of the land, and the Justice Department will accordingly enforce it. Well, the McCarran Act has been around for ten years, during which the Supreme Court dealt with it with the kind of urgency it would bring to the adjudication of a quarrel between Nevada and Utah over who owned a couple of disputed acres in Death Valley. The Justice Department and the Court are quite capable of dragging their feet and whiling away the decades entertaining sophistries that would have taxed the patience of Zeno. The Communist Party has announced a massive "step-up" in its campaign to rally American sentiment against the Act. Conservatives should stand by ready to meet the challenge, and to support a law whose effect it is to rescue the nation from the mischief done by the suicidal proposition that one cannot distinguish between the Communist movement and other political movements.

We Say It's Spinach

The Taft-Hartley Act authorizes, among other things, full union membership as a condition of employment —the so-called union shop. However, the Supreme Court has ruled that the Taft-Hartley Act also provides that each state may, by appropriate legislation, make it illegal to adopt a union-shop clause in labor contracts. Thus the so-called right-to-work law, which has been passed in nineteen states, among them Indiana. And the right-to-work laws have been a prime target of organized labor.

Labor leaders, unable to scrub the right-to-work laws off the books, have dreamed up a cute evasion: the agency shop. Under this system a worker who doesn't want to join a union doesn't have to if he's protected by a right-to-work law, but he is required to pay full union dues anyway—to reimburse the union for its great outlay of brains and devotion on his behalf. Last February the National Labor Rela-

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tions Board decided, three to two, that the agency shop was illegal, because it violated the provision in Taft-Hartley that guarantees the workers the right to refrain from activities to "form, join, or assist labor organizations" in states that have, in effect, right-to-work laws.

Well, if you can't scrub a law off the books, and if you can't get around it by reading it akimbo, why —hire some friendly judges! It's easy if you know the right people. So the right people announced on White House stationery the appointment of two new members of the NLRB.

And they came through on schedule, reversing (four to one) the earlier NLRB decision on the agency shop. Reason: to provide for "union security." The Taft-Hartley provision for right-to-work laws was obviously intended to protect individual non-union workers from coercive actions by unions. The new NLRB assumes that this provision was intended to set the maximum limit of union demands that might be negotiable in the interest of protecting the union movement. Taft-Hartley, says NLRB, says unions can't negotiate anything more restrictive than union shop agreements; and therefore they obviously have the right to negotiate anything less. Which amounts to saying the law against murder authorizes manslaughter.

The Supreme Court ruled last week that individual state courts will have to determine whether the circumvention is legal. Thus far, Kansas has forbidden it.

Whopping Fib

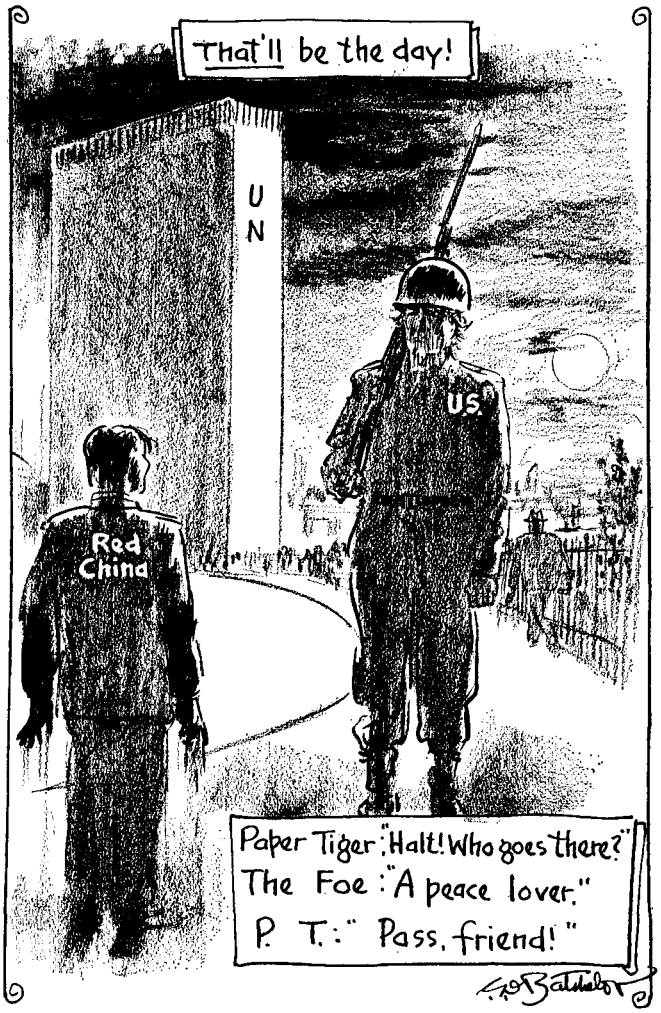
What is going to happen in Algeria, and because of Algeria in France itself? The *New York Times'* permanent correspondent in Paris insists, with even more than his usual assurance: Nothing; de Gaulle will ride out the storm, and the wicked right-wing generals will get nowhere.

Sulzberger's logic is as follows: The generals became students of Mao when, many years ago, they were fighting in Indochina. Their game is, to take over Algeria and France by using Mao's techniques of infiltration, subversion and propaganda. But they failed to learn Mao's chief teaching, which is that the population of the target area must be fundamentally on the side of the infiltrators, or the game fails; and—so the argument concludes—French opinion is not and never will be on the generals' side. So, forget about the generals.

The logic, of course, has everything wrong with it. Opinion was *not* on Mao's side in the only country he has taken over to date; China was conquered, militarily conquered; and Mr. Sulzberger does a poor service to public opinion by repeating, by implication, the whopping fib to the contrary. Our guess would be that the French generals have *more* support in France, to say nothing of Algeria, than Mao could boast of even when the conquest was completed. Also—in the absence for many years of meaningful elections—nobody knows the lay of French opinion, and much less what the lay of that opinion will be a month hence, or two or six months hence, when the generals make their next stand.

Formosa, Mongolia, China

Shortly after the fiftieth anniversary of its founding, Nationalist China (the Republic of China) announced, through Mr. Shen Chang-huan, Foreign Minister, its unalterable opposition to the admission of Red China to the UN—citing, among other reasons, the unspeakable inhumanity and immorality of the Communist regime. He prophesied that the admission of Red China would wreck the UN, and promised that Nationalist China would withdraw from the UN if Red China were admitted. On the same day the Committee of One Million (Against the Admission of



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Red China to the UN) announced that it had secured the millionth signature for its petition to President Kennedy against the admission of Red China.

And then something snapped, far down in the coils of diplomacy surrounding the question of Outer Mongolia, the deal with Mauretania, the attitude of the Nationalist Chinese. Dr. T. F. Tsiang, Nationalist China's chief delegate to the UN, announced that his government had not made a final decision on the question of admitting Outer Mongolia (a Communist satellite) to the UN. This, even though Nationalist China's previous position had been a stony resolve to bar Outer Mongolia "at all costs." Possibly the Nationalist Chinese had never intended to block Mongolia, and had adopted a hard line in order to gain bargaining power by retreating from it—a standard tactic of the Communists, the world's champion nation-traders, and federal agencies; and a tactic that the State Department might study to its advantage.

Which leaves the world much as we found it: Red China acting like a beast, Nationalist China acting like a man, and the United States studying the problem.

The Anatomy of a Smear

(From *Life* Magazine, September 1, 1961) *"A new kind of 'revival meeting' serving the nonreligious ends of an outfit called the 'Christian Anti-Communism Crusade' is being held with full hullabaloo and political portent in Los Angeles this week. . . ."* (Question. Why is an anti-Communist crusade a nonreligious end? Are there not religious grounds for crusading against Communism? Question. Is there such a thing as a crusade which is held *without* hullabaloo? Should an anti-Communist crusade be launched with less hullabaloo than, say, a new publication by Time Inc., or held to be of less portent than, say, a new circulation figure for *Life* magazine?)

". . . it is presided over by Frederick C. Schwarz, 48, an Australian evangelist gone secular." (Question. Why does *Life* suppress the well-known fact that Schwarz is an M.D.? Question. Does an evangelist who turns his energies against Communism become, *eo ipso*, a secularist? Is one to infer that one cannot, on Christian or evangelistic grounds, oppose Communism?) *". . . Schwarz preaches doomsday by Communism in 1973 unless every American starts distrusting his neighbor as a possible Communist or 'Comsymp'* (Communist sympathizer)." (Question. When did he say *that*? And if he said it, give us the quote, so that we can *all* denounce him.)

"Schwarz tries to appear less extreme than the John Birch Society, and he publicly disavows Birchism. However, his local steering committees have often included known Birchers." (Question. If one disavows 'Birchism' but nevertheless wins the support of known Birchites, might it not appear that Birchites are coming toward you, rather than you toward them? And is this not, by *Life's* standards, the desirable thing? If one disavows Communism, and draws toward one's position persons who had theretofore been pro-Communist, should not one rejoice—or, like *Life*, should one be sorrowful?)

". . . Schwarz himself landed in this country with $10 in his pocket in 1953, but he has built the 'crusade' into a $500,000 business." (Comment. Luce landed in New York with $100 in his pocket, and built his enterprise into a $100 million business, and not peddling anti-Communism, either. Has Schwarz personally profiteered from his crusade? If so, how? Assuming he earns a decent living from crusading against Communism, is this worse than Mr. Luce's earning an affluent living from smearing anti-Communists?)

The Best Is Yet to Be

Mr. Michael Uhlmann, a student at Yale University, and a leader there of the glorious forces of reaction, has come across evidence of growth in the writings of Professor Paul Samuelson, whose text, *Economics: An Introductory Analysis*, is the most widely used in America. He presented the fruits of his research to the excellent newsletter, *Human Events*, which published them as follows:

From Samuelson's book, first edition, 1948: *If price increases could be held down to, say, less than five per cent per year, such a mild steady inflation need not cause too great concern . . .*

Second edition, 1951, reprints the above sentence without change. But note succeeding revisions as the years go by.

Third edition, 1955: *If price increases could be held down to, say, less than three per cent per year, such a mild steady inflation need not cause too great concern . . .*

Fourth edition, 1958: *If price increases could be held down to, say, two per cent per year, such a mild steady inflation need not cause too great concern . . .*

Fifth edition, 1961: *Price increases that could be held down below two per cent per year are one thing. But . . .*

Samuelson on NBC's *Meet the Press*, March 5, 1961: *. . . if we can hold things down so that the official index of prices goes up by no more than one and one-half or two per cent, I shall be very content.*

We would say Professor Samuelson's rate of growth —we make it about 20 per cent per year—is as high as you can see anywhere these days.

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R.I.P.

During the past two weeks, Providence has made heavy exactions on conservative leadership. Professor Leo Wolman of Columbia was a fine scholar and a spirited speaker, whose advice was widely solicited (and widely acted on) in economic matters, particularly in the field of labor. He wrote book after book, gave speech after speech, on the distressing theme of our diminishing freedoms. Lately his activities had been greatly curtailed by heart trouble. Even so, he did what he could, and the list of those who looked upon him as teacher and friend continued to grow, right up until the untimely end last week.

B. E. Hutchinson was a whizzbang tycoon who did miracles for Chrysler, and retired several years ago to devote himself to his beloved country. This he did in part by maintaining an enormous correspondence in which he encouraged friends of freedom by a generous word, a witty aside, an illuminating reference to an arcane event; a quote from a relevant book or article; never importuning, never condescending, always bright and buoyant. We heard from him in this office regularly, and when he was taken severely ill several months ago, we feared the letters would cease. But they resumed, identical in tone and spirit, uncomplaining, unperturbed, imperturbable, and when the news of his death was broadcast, his most recent letter was only a day old.

The old gentleman was a fine and vigorous and intelligent man, an earnest Christian, and a delightful companion. For his friends, and for his nation, he is irreplaceable.

Notes and Asides

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW take great pleasure in announcing the election of William F. Rickenbacker as an editor. Mr. Rickenbacker, who graduated from Harvard in 1949, has published several articles in NATIONAL REVIEW and a year ago joined the staff as associate editor. His attainments include a mastery of the piano, and proficiency in French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian and flying. He is also an investment counsellor, and the principal warrior for privacy against the Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce, which keeps threatening to put him in jail for having refused to bare the details of his intimate life in the questionnaire Snoopchief sent around a year ago. Due provision has been made in our contract with Mr. Rickenbacker for flexible leaves of absence.

For the Record

Republican Party pressure held up release of Senate Internal Security Subcommittee's report on Bang-Jensen for many months. Three principal actors (Hammarskjold, Lodge, Allen Dulles) are dead, out, and on the way out. Sen. Thomas Dodd forced its release. . . . More than 500 Democrats formally switched parties at Fort Worth "Resignation Rally," after speeches by Texas' GOP Sen. John Tower and Rep. Bruce Alger.

Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker first saw a complete copy of Defense Dept. investigation of him 29 days after its "declassification." Overseas Weekly, the scandal-sheet that caused the hearings, had text of it in print and on newsstands before the General received his copy. . . . Department of State now sending high-ranking officers around the country to "brief" public figures and newsmen who dissent from official policy on trouble spots, particularly Africa. . . . Technicians investigating Hammarskjold death site conclude that when his plane crashed, it was preparing to land with all wheels down and all four propellers revving equally. . . . Without fanfare, two squadrons of U.S. F-100 planes have returned to French airbase of Chambley. They were removed six months ago in dispute with de Gaulle over nuclear warheads.

Moral Rearmament staging active campaigns in Great Britain, Africa and Latin America, a relatively new field for MRA. . . . Story making the rounds in Brazil: Janio Quadros, rushing to his London psychiatrist after quitting Brazilian presidency, was examined and breathlessly asked, "Am I crazy or not, doctor?" "Oh no," came the reply, "I'm convinced it's not you that's crazy—only those six million madmen who voted for you."

Rumored on the way out at the UN, probably to a foreign assignment, Andrew W. Cordier, Executive Assistant to the late Secretary General, Bang-Jensen's nemesis. . . . Columbia University Professor Jesús de Galíndez has had more sightings than the Loch Ness monster. Latest report has him in East Germany—the second report of his appearance there.

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National Trends

Soviet Space Claims Questioned

M. STANTON EVANS

Despite official acceptance of Soviet claims to mastery in space, unofficial doubts persist. In particular, several journalists and space authorities question the assertion that Moscow's cosmonauts, Yuri Gagarin and Gherman Titov, actually performed their celebrated flights around the globe.

Discrepancies in Moscow's account of both events are legion. Both Gagarin and Titov reported observations from their orbiting vehicles which are, by unanimous consent, impossible: both professed physiological reactions at variance with what is known about space flight; Gagarin's trip followed a time schedule scouted by the highest authorities; and both men were photographed in "space" costumes oddly reminiscent of the gear worn by Charles Lindbergh. Moscow, moreover, couldn't get its facts straight on whether Gagarin came down in his vehicle or parachuted out of it, or whether his Vostok I had portholes or did not.

Saw Collective Farms?

Unquestionably the most damaging of these confusions is the Gagarin-Titov version of what can be seen at heights of 100 miles and more. "During the flight," Gagarin said, "I saw the earth from a great height. I could see the seas, the mountains, big cities, rivers, and forests." And: "While flying over Soviet territory, I saw perfectly great squares of collective farms. It was possible to distinguish between plowed land and grass land." Titov reported similar observations, and said he could see the lights of cities. Gagarin supposedly reached an altitude of 203 miles, Titov 160.

These observations are infinitely more detailed than those reported by U.S. astronaut Alan Shepard, and by American test pilot Joe Walker, who has flown our X-15 rocket ship to record altitudes. Shepard said the smallest thing he could distinguish, at a height of 115 miles, was Andros Island—some ten miles wide. Joe Walker, in a phone conversation with this writer, reported his observations at 32 miles above the earth: "Primarily, you see patterns of light and dark. From the difference in shading, knowing the area, I could figure out what I was looking at. . . . I could make out Los Angeles, which is pretty big. I knew where to look, and the area is darker." How could Gagarin and Titov see things more clearly than Walker, spinning around the world at much greater speed, and altitudes? Concerning lights in the cities, Walker flatly told me: "You couldn't possibly see city lights" at the altitudes allegedly attained by Moscow's astronauts.

Physical Reactions

As for the physiological details, aviation editor Peter Reich of Chicago's *American* lists a half-dozen discrepancies in the reactions reported by Gagarin. Of the claim that Gagarin sang a patriotic ballad during re-entry to the atmosphere, Reich says: "This writer experienced about 5½Gs (forces of gravity) in a jet fighter, and my chest felt as though it were caving in. Estimates are that during re-entry, a spaceman coming back from orbit will experience from ten to twenty Gs—hardly a state in which to sing." Titov said he slept soundly for eight of his 25 hours in orbit, a dubious claim on the face of it, and one contested by a Chicago psychiatrist, a specialist in the psychology of sleep, who said: "I find this almost impossible to believe. . . . [Titov] would be much too tense, too anxious, for sleep to be possible." Titov's assertions that he had a generally rollicking time while in orbit are contradicted by Moscow's own scientists, who say he was the victim of "nausea" and "disorientation" and was sick throughout the flight. All of which renders rather intriguing the various messages of good cheer and euphoria Titov allegedly broadcast from his orbiting spaceship.

What of the time-schedule reported for the "cosmonauts"? Conflicting reports emanated from Moscow, one of which had Gagarin covering half the globe in about one-third of the available time, the rest in the remaining two-thirds. Soviet estimates placed him over South America first at fifteen minutes after launching, then at H-plus-45. Examining the Soviets' own data for the flight, Marshall Mellin of the Smithsonian Observatory concluded: "It is most unlikely that Gagarin ever passed over South America at all." On the given evidence, Mellin said, Gagarin would have had to orbit "far to the east of South America." Despite all these contradictions, and despite the fact that no non-Soviet observer has confirmed any of the material details concerning launch and recovery, the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, July 22, accepted Moscow's claim to have orbited Gagarin. The FAI, the world's authority on international aviation and space records, validated that Gagarin feat after five and a quarter hours of wrangling, in which the Soviets refused to supply documentation beyond their own assertions. When pressed for details (thrust, instrumentation, method of recovery), the delegate from the USSR grew red in the face and replied angrily: "Ask the American delegate if he believes that the Russians sent a missile to the moon and also does the USA doubt that these records claimed for Gagarin were actually made?" When the FAI Director General asked: "Where was the pilot on his return in relationship to the space vehicle?", the Soviet spokesman answered: "All the people of the world have already endorsed Gagarin's flight and have accepted it as a fact." Here, it seems, was proof that Gagarin went into orbit. For reasons unknown, the FAI yielded to these arguments, and certified the flight. Now, of course, that certification is itself cited as proof that Gagarin went aloft—further creating the "acceptance" which is his principal claim to authenticity.

In sum, there is little evidence that either Gagarin or Titov performed the wonders asserted by the Kremlin. And the free world's acceptance of them, as the FAI proceedings suggest, looks very much like an act of self-hypnosis with the aid of mirrors.

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Is This the Truth about Sacco and Vanzetti?

A close student of the famous case that is always with us, makes known his own hypothesis, and the reasons why he thinks here, at last, is the answer

MAX EASTMAN

A hard-hitting Boston lawyer, Mr. Robert H. Montgomery, has made a new study of the world-famous case of Sacco and Vanzetti, the two Italian anarchists convicted in July 1921 of a payroll murder and executed in Boston on August 22, 1927.[1] There was a doubt about their guilt, a suspicion that they were convicted because of their radical opinions. This gave rise, while they lived, to a widespread demand for a new trial, a modest enough demand which, when repeatedly denied, spread like a prairie fire over the whole planet. Nothing comparable to that agitation in extent or intensity had ever been seen before.

It was a principal cause of the stampede of the American intelligentsia to the cause of "proletarian revolution" in the thirties—a more important cause, according to Murray Kempton, who wrote a history of that phenomenon,[2] than even the great depression. It also gave its first impetus to that anti-American sentiment which, nourished by the Soviet government and the Communists, is to be found today in many parts of the world. Both at home and abroad, the names of Sacco and Vanzetti have become a popular symbol of the cruel fraudulence of "capitalist justice" in America. A monument to their memory has been proposed, and an effort made to have the Massachusetts legislature declare them innocent. And now this book comes along, covering the whole story and making us who flew into a world-wide range without dispassionate study of the facts, look a little hasty, to say the least. I must

1. *Sacco-Vanzetti, The Murder and the Myth*
2. *Part of Our Time*, p. 326

Mr. Max Eastman tried to get this article published in a half dozen "more leftward papers, because I thought it would be more effective if published there; but they all shied away from it." American Liberals grew up on the myth of Sacco and Vanzetti, and do not want to ruffle it—the ensuing emotional and intellectual readjustment would be too painful. But America's most celebrated trial and execution continue to entice the attention of scholars and critics. Max Eastman feels he has the key to the mystery.

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remark also that Mr. Montgomery's approach is far from dispassionate. He seems to me as unthinkingly prejudiced against what he calls with a capital letter "Reds," as we were against the course of Massachusetts.

I myself departed on my "pilgrimage to Moscow" not long after Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested, and did not return to America until the spring of 1927, a few months before their execution. Thus I had no part in the agitation against the various decisions, first of the courts, then of the Governor of Massachusetts and a special Commission appointed by him, rejecting their plea for a new trial. I made no study of the case myself, but was swept along by a mixture of revolutionary dogma and pure emotion into the general outcry against their "martyrdom" and against class rule in America.

"The picture of an American prison," I wrote, "surrounded like a castle-dungeon by thousands of armed men with weapons drawn against the 'populace,' while two idealists, innocent of crime and well-loved by the poor, are put to death, is unforgettable. It portrays as clearly as corpses burning in the sky that this is an American empire and that it is ruled by a ruthless gang. It is a great step forward in the progress toward liberty to have that truth known."

Thus I "did my bit" for the cause —although somewhat incidentally, for the quotation is from an essay expounding the errors in both anarchism and Marxism from the standpoint of what I called a "science of revolution." I added to those rather wild and totally unverified remarks, an aphorism that I need not apologize for:

"The truth will not make us free, but we will never get free without knowing the truth."

Judge Thayer Prejudiced

As I look my essay over now, that aphorism seems to impose a duty on me. For although I cannot fully endorse Mr. Montgomery's position, I do share his opinion that the truth about Sacco and Vanzetti was other than we radicals were led to believe. Judge Webster Thayer, who conducted the trial of the two anarchists, can hardly be described as a just judge. He was intemperately prejudiced against the defendants for their beliefs, their dodging of the draft, their anti-war and anti-state agitation. The quotations from the record in Felix Frankfurter's little book, *The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti*, published seven months before their execution, leaves no doubt of this. And the same is true of Edmund M. Morgan's searching examination of the case, published twenty-one

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years after.[3] Both these books are more successful as indictments of Judge Thayer than as defenses of Sacco and Vanzetti. If America had been "ruled by a ruthless gang"—a phrase that must have remained in my mind from the days of the "Palmer raids"—one can easily imagine this rather eccentric judge in the role of their juridical hangman. But the fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were tried by such a judge did not prove, as radical opinion assumed it did, that they were innocent. It proved that they should have had a new trial, and this is the extent of the argument in Frankfurter's book as well as Joughin and Morgan's.

Vanzetti's Alibi

Frankfurter does, to be sure, make one very much more far-reaching statement. He says, "The alibi for Vanzetti was overwhelming. Thirty-one eyewitnesses testified positively that no one of the men they saw in the murder car was Vanzetti. Thirteen witnesses either testified directly that Vanzetti was in Plymouth selling fish on the day of the murder, or furnished corroboration of such testimony."

Mr. Montgomery says that Justice Frankfurter's account of Vanzetti's alibi is grossly exaggerated, and quotes President Lowell of Harvard to the effect that his whole book is "partisan," but he does not mention what seems to me the vital point here: namely, that the alibi does not apply to Sacco at all. It does not apply to "Sacco and Vanzetti" taken together, as they are in the general argument of Frankfurter's book. Professor Morgan agrees with Frankfurter that "the evidence as to participation in the murders was much stronger against Sacco than against Vanzetti," and thinks that the refusal of the court to grant separate trials did more harm to Vanzetti than to Sacco. But neither he nor Frankfurter dwells upon the injustice of this. Only Eugene Lyons in *The Life and Death of Sacco and Vanzetti* remarks that this refusal was "one of the principal counts against Judge Thayer." Lyons quotes Fred Moore, the attorney for the defense, as saying:

"There was so little evidence against Vanzetti—almost none in fact—I believed there was a good chance of an acquittal if I should push home the fact. But I felt sure, in that case, that Sacco would be found guilty. . . . So I put it up to Vanzetti. 'What shall I do?' And he answered: "Save Nick, he has the woman and child."

The general public seems to have regarded the two men as—for legal, moral, political and literary purposes—essentially one. A total of 144 poems, six plays and eight novels have been published dealing with the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, but in all this outburst of literary indignation, as in the uncounted reams of newspaper copy that the famous case gave birth to, the idea seems rarely to have peeped out that they were two distinct individuals. Even the jurors, who after a twenty-nine-year barrage of propaganda stood firm in the belief that the men were guilty, seem never to have thought of judging them separately.[4] Whether as murderers or martyrs, they are inseparably linked together. And yet, in two vital matters they pursued opposite courses. Sacco refused to join Vanzetti in his plea for clemency, and Sacco refrained, on going to the electric chair, from asserting his innocence as Vanzetti did with convincing force. Here the contrast between them is sharp. I quote from an account in that very moving book, *The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti,* p. xi:

"Sacco, who was executed first, walked firmly into the death chamber and, at a motion from the guard, took his seat in the electric chair. As he did so, he shouted in Italian, 'Long live anarchy!' He then paused, growing calmer, and said, in broken English: 'Farewell, my wife, and child, and all my friends.' Then, glancing around the room which he seemed to see for the first time, he said to the assembled witnesses, 'Good evening, gentlemen.' And as the hood was being slipped over his head, he murmured in Italian, 'Farewell, mother.'

"Vanzetti was brought in a few moments later. He was calm and alert. Advancing steadily into the room, he shook hands with the warden of the prison and three of the guards whom he knew. He sat down in the electric chair and before any move was made to strap him into it, he began, in a low voice, to speak to those present. 'I wish to tell you,' he said slowly, 'that I am an innocent man. I never committed any crime, but sometimes some sin.' Turning to the warden he continued: 'Thank you for everything you have done for me. I am innocent of all crime—not only this one, but all crime. I am an innocent man.' Another pause, and then, with explicitness which was so characteristic of him, Vanzetti spoke his last words: 'I wish to forgive *some* people for what they are now doing to me.' "

Upton Sinclair's Story

This contrast adds importance to the experience of Upton Sinclair on a visit to Boston in 1927. He also has chosen to keep this light, not exactly under a bushel, but remote from the world-wide lamp-posts of publicity that are open to him. I quote, with his permission, the story as he told it in a *Bulletin of the Institute of Social Sciences* published by the Rand School in the summer of 1953.

"While I was in Boston on account of my novel, *Oil!,* a lawyer named Fred D. Moore came to see me. I had met him previously, but forgot where. He had been for seven years the faithful and tireless attorney for Sacco and Vanzetti. . . . Moore attempted a kidnapping; he told me he just wouldn't take no for an answer, I absolutely had to get into his car and be driven to Charlestown jail to meet Bartolomeo Vanzetti. I didn't want to think about the case, which had kept all the radicals of the country in a turmoil; I wanted to think about my novel. But Fred kidnapped me and I went, and there met a gentle, sad-eyed dreamer, an Italian who seven years previously had been a poor 'wop' peddling fish, but who had educated himself in prison and now spoke like a foreign philosopher and saint. I was deeply touched by him, and felt quite sure that he had never committed either robbery or murder.

"I went back to California and read the news of how he and his friend Sacco, the shoeworker, had been electrocuted by the great state of

3. *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* by G. Louis Joughin and Edmund M. Morgan, 1948
4. In the *New Bedford Standard-Times* for November 12, 1950 Edward B. Simmons reported his intensely interesting talks with all the surviving jurors, and the heirs of four who had died.

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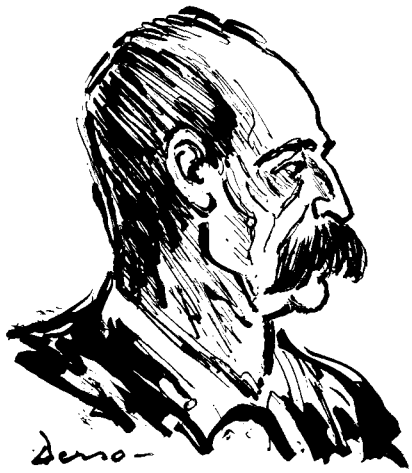
Massachusetts. Like all the rest of the liberal world, I was horrified. I decided to put this story into a novel, and returned to Boston to gather the material. I spent several weeks at the task, interviewing scores of people about the case and visiting all the scenes involved.

"Fred Moore had moved to Denver, and I arranged to meet him there. By the time I reached that city, I had the story completely formed in my mind, and you may imagine my consternation when I found myself seated in a little hotel room with the



Vanzetti

man who had given his time and thought to the case for seven years and heard him say that he had come reluctantly to the conclusion that Sacco was guilty of the crime for which he had died and that possibly Vanzetti also was guilty.

"I questioned Fred for many hours deep into the night. Fred told me that some of the anarchists were then raising funds for their movement by robbery. It was strictly honest from the group's point of view—that is to say, they kept none of the money for themselves. It was the same thing that Stalin had been doing in the early days in Russia—although I did not know it at this time. Fred told me various stories, including, I remember, his personal experience with Carlo Tresca, also an anarchist, living in New York. On one occasion two of the comrades were wanted by the police for some robbery, and Tresca, learning that Fred was traveling to Boston, had put them in the car with him, considerably to Fred's dismay.

"I pressed him with questions: 'Did Sacco or Vanzetti ever admit to you by the slightest hint that they were guilty?' He answered, 'No.' I asked him: 'Did any of their friends ever admit it?' Again he answered 'No.' Fred was a criminal lawyer, and I remember one of his statements about his profession. He said, 'There is no criminal lawer who has attained to fame in America except by inventing alibis and hiring witnesses. There is no other way to be a great criminal lawyer in America.'

"I went home with my mind in confusion. The first person I went to see was Fred's former wife, who had divorced him and was employed in Hollywood. Lola Moore said, 'I am astounded that Fred should have made such a statement. I worked on the case with him all through the years, and I knew about it as intimately as he did. He never gave me a hint of such an idea, and neither did anyone else. I feel that Fred is embittered because he was dropped from the case, and it has poisoned his mind.'

Robert Minor's Panic

"I confided my problem to two or three friends. I believe I wrote to Bob Minor asking his advice; or perhaps someone else told him about it. Bob who had called himself an anarchist up to 1917 had become convinced that the Communists had the right answer, and he became a Party official, later editor of the *Daily Worker*.

"My telephone in California rang, and it was Bob in New York. It must have been an expensive call, but no doubt the Party paid. I have never heard a man in such a panic, whether by telephone or otherwise. 'Upton, you must not say it, you must not say it! You will ruin the movement! It will be treason!'

"My reply was: 'I have no intention of saying it. I can't say it, because I don't know it.' But poor Bob had grown deaf with the years and I don't think he could hear a word, no matter how loud I shouted. The conversation consisted of his saying over and over, 'You must not say it!' — arguing, pleading, almost weeping.

"Of course I couldn't 'say it' for I didn't know it. I had visited Sacco's family, and I felt quite certain that there was some dark secret there. Nobody would be frank with me, and everybody was suspicious, even though I had been introduced and vouched for by Mrs. Evans, a great lady of Boston who had led and financed the fight for freedom of these two Italians. Vanzetti had had no family; but I spent a whole day with the Brini boy who had been his assistant on that Saturday when the crime had been committed, and Vanzetti had claimed to be peddling fish all day. Brini had now become a youth in high school, intelligent and fine-spirited. I had questioned him about every tiniest detail of the case, and listened to him talk on other subjects so as to get an impression of his personality. If he was not telling the truth then I give up any claim ever to know anything about human character. I was sure Vanzetti was innocent; but I can understand that he would be willing to go to the electric chair rather than betray what he knew about a friend.

"I decided that my only possible course was to tell the story objectively. I would tell everything that had happened and not leave out the fact that there were 'direct actionists' in the anarchist movement as in the Communist. In "Boston" as I wrote it, I had an anarchist in Switzerland talking about that aspect of the movement, and when this chapter appeared serially in the *Bookman*, somebody in Boston, interested in the case, wrote me pleading that this anarchist was 'talking too much.' There may be some who say that I am doing that now."

The Anarchist Attitude

One can sympathize with Sinclair's wish to save his novel; he was not a research expert making a report. But it is not quite a sufficient characterization of the anarchist attitude to bloodshed to say that there are "direct actionists" in the anarchist as in the Communist movement. The Bolsheviks did at one time raise funds for the party by robbery, and did not stop at murder when it proved necessary in order to get their hands on the funds. But in the history of Bolshevism that was an episode, and was pretty soon called off by the party executive.

In the philosophy of anarchism, on the contrary—if what is so obviously

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a mere wish can be called a philosophy—there has been an ambivalent emotionalism from the beginning. Anarchism is a gospel, you might almost say, of love and violence. Anarchists believe, as the early Christians did, in universal brotherhood, and they believe that laws enforced by governments are the principal obstacles to its realization. This sets their hands free, and their minds also, from the demands of everyday legality and logic. Lincoln Steffens tossed off the remark, in his famous autobiography, that an anarchist is "a man that is opposed to all force, including government," but he was telling exactly half of the truth. The other half is that anarchists, by far the majority of them, feel free to use force against the force of governments.

Sublime Equilibrium

It was Vera Figner or some other of the heroines of *Narodnia Volya,* the old Russian terrorist movement, who said in court when on trial for shooting the Governor General of a province: "Our plan was, by the systematic elimination of governors general, to eliminate the office of Governor General!" The gospel of universal brotherhood sustained her, without the tremor of an eyelid, in this sublime equilibrium. Steffens seems to have forgotten that his good friend, Emma Goldman, connived with her lover, another anarchist, Alexander Berkman, to go down to Pittsburgh during the Homestead strike and shoot the head of the steel mills, H. C. Frick. There are many such deeds in the history of anarchism, and there is reckless justification of them in its literature.

"Let us join hands with the bold world of brigands, the only genuine revolutionists in Russia . . . " cried Bakunin in one of his extremer moods.

There are, of course, people calling themselves anarchist who are genuine pacifists and for whom "Resist not evil" is the highest law. But among those who espouse anarchism as a dynamic faith, amicable relations with the underworld are natural and do not entail moral condemnation.

From a psychological standpoint, one of the damaging things against Sacco and Vanzetti was their own testimony that in 1917 they withdrew to Mexico to avoid, on pacific principles, having to fight in World War I, but when arrested in 1920 on suspicion of murder, they were both heavily armed. I imagine this contradiction had a good deal of weight with the jury that convicted them. It happens also at least to symbolize this taint of ambivalence in the doctrine to which they were consecrated.

I would not go into all this if I did not feel sure that I know the truth about Sacco and Vanzetti. I cannot, perhaps, make the casual reader feel sure, but those in touch with revolutionary affairs in the twenties will understand why I feel so. There was one man in America to whom one would go for inside information on what was happening among the Italian anarchists: that was Carlo Tresca. He was their admired and trusted hero. He was at ease, moreover, in the "bold world of brigands." Having himself been arrested thirty-six times during his life as an agitator, he was a natural confidant for anyone in trouble with the forces of law. Moreover, in this particular case of the Boston anarchists, Sacco and Vanzetti, he played the part of a sort of guardian angel or great-uncle. As Mr. Montgomery puts in: "In mid-August the revolutionary anarchist, Carlo Tresca, moved in and became instrumental in employing Fred H. Moore and putting him in complete command of the legal defense of both defendants." Mr. Montgomery feels certain that the case would never have become a *cause célèbre* unless "the Reds" had made it one, and he gives "Tresca and Moore" the credit for starting the process. I am sure he would agree with me, that if any man, besides the defendants and their attorney, had confidential knowledge of the facts in the case, it was Carlo Tresca.

Carlo Tresca's Reply

A "Profile" of Tresca and his career that I wrote for *The New Yorker* in 1934 had brought me very close to him. I felt close enough to ask him one day, when whispers had reached me concerning Upton Sinclair's distressing experience in Boston: "Carlo, would you feel free to tell me the truth about Sacco and Vanzetti?" He answered: "Sacco was guilty but Vanzetti was not." At that moment some people entered the room where we were talking and I lost the chance to ask more. I lost it permanently, for I had no opportunity to see Carlo alone again before he was himself shot by an assassin—hired (there is little doubt left) by an agent of Stalin. But that quick and simple answer from such a source settled the question for me. I believe it. I cannot expect to convey my belief to a great many others, but I hope it may persuade those who investigate the question in the future to remember that Sacco and Vanzetti were two people and not one.

NSA Dictionary

(From a fresh knowledge of Liberal rhetoric gained at the recent Fourteenth National Student Association Congress, Mr. Shafto compiled a Newspeak Dictionary, *some excerpts from which we reprint.)*

fascist—(fash-ist), n. [From the Old Doubletalk] Normally used with pig, as in "All conservatives are fascist pigs—except those who are militarist butchers." A term devised by the Liberal Establishment to designate those of the conservative persuasion and given broader application, more frequent usage, and less meaning by successive National Student Association Congresses.

colonialist—(ko-lo-ni-al-ist), n. [From the Middle Nasserian, an archaic language recently revived in the United Arab Republic, Ghana, and the Kremlin] A narrow-minded bigot (*i.e.,* a conservative) who persists in believing that cannibals are semi-savages.

racist—(rac-ist), n. A conservative.

demagogue—(dem-a-gog), n. An articulate conservative.

fanatic—(fa-nat-ik), n. A dedicated conservative.

neo-McCarthyite — (ne-o-mak-kar-thi-ite), n. An effective conservative.

patriot—(pa-tri-ot), n. A chauvinistic nationalist.

invective—(in-vek-tive), n. A word which denotes collectively (how else?) those terms used by rightist-fanatic, demagogic, militarist butcher conservatives when speaking about members of the Liberal Establishment.

DONALD B. SHAFTO
in *Conservative Thunder,* Detroit

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The Third World War

On the Horns of Our Dilemma

JAMES BURNHAM

On our side of the Iron Curtain, most opinions about the world crisis are argued along one of two plainly demarcated lines: one, oriented on *the danger of nuclear world war;* the other, on *the danger of Communist world conquest.*

A book, article, speech or cocktail conversation of the first type (call it "Type W") will stress the appalling horrors that may be expected if a nuclear war breaks out: unexampled destruction of physical property; the annihilation of tens of millions of human beings, perhaps of a substantial portion of mankind, or even (given the development of the "doomsday machine" now said to be technically feasible) of all men; genetic damage to surviving generations, if there are survivors. Type W arguments hold that with the ever greater power of nuclear weapons, simpler methods for their manufacture, and their spread to additional nations ("the N-nation problem"), the nuclear war danger will mount rapidly until it becomes a virtual certainty.

Burnham

Within the context thus selected and described, Type W arguments assert, as the goal of highest priority, *disarmament* in one form or another: as a starter, anything from a nuclear test ban on up; ending with at least general nuclear disarmament, usually with total disarmament (except, maybe, for a UN or other world-government "peace force").

Type W arguments seldom pay much attention to the nature, threat or consequences of Communism whatever the professed attitude of the arguer toward its danger.

Type C books, articles, speeches and cocktail conversations (*i.e.*, those oriented on the danger of Communist world conquest) are less numerous than Type W, especially in academic, foundation, governmental and other Establishment circles. Logically, most Type C arguments are analogous to Type W, granted the change of the key variable. They tend to pass rather lightly, or at least quickly, over the nature and consequences of nuclear war, and stress the appalling horrors that may be expected if Communism wins: the annihilation of human freedom, and thus of human civilization; the reduction of mankind to an undifferentiated herd under the rule of a totalitarian tyranny. Type C arguments hold that the danger of Communist world conquest, already acute, is rapidly mounting with the continuing Communist expansion, and may soon, through a basic shift in the power equilibrium, become all but inevitable.

Within their selected context, all Type C arguments assert, as the goal of highest priority, *resistance* to the Communist advance: carried through, according to many Type C versions, to partial or even total defeat of the Communist enterprise.

Grasping the Horns

These two lines of argument, taken together, have the form of a *dilemma.* Strictly (logically) interpreted, this dilemma presents us with the alternative: either *the danger* of war or *the danger* of Communism. But psychologically we *feel* the choice to be: either war or Communism. That is, the dilemma forces each of us to *choose his enemy:* Communism or war. We may prefer to phrase the choice "in positive terms": *i.e.*, either Peace or Freedom. But in practice, policy—for an individual as for a nation—is determined negatively with much more precision than by the necessarily vaguer concept of positive goal or ideal.

Both horns in the present dilemma are as hard and sharp as ever a matador faced in the Madrid corrida. It is a fact that nuclear war threatens—and by no means remotely—almost unimaginable destruction. And the close threat of Communist conquest, with the consequent destruction of human civilization, is equally a fact.

With better luck than we deserve, it is conceivable that we could be spared both war and Communism. But there is no getting through or around the wider horns of the strict dilemma. Indeed, our dilemma is of that most unhappy kind which does not even permit us to avoid one horn by grasping the other. Whatever we do, we shall confront the acute and catastrophic *dangers* of *both* war and Communism. We must grasp *both* horns of our dilemma, or be impaled.

How to Be Incredible

Does this not mean that a prudent man will be equally against both war and Communism? Theoretically, yes, perhaps; in practice, no. In practice you must have one main enemy, because your choice of enemy determines your line of action, your program, your attitude. The program and attitude of those who choose war as the main enemy are almost totally different from the program and attitude of those who choose Communism. Cf., for example, SANE with NATIONAL REVIEW; or Bertrand Russell with Barry Goldwater.

The attempt to equate the two enemies, to give them equal priority, introduces crosscurrents that make both programs—against war and against Communism—ineffectual. This is a potent source of the troubles of the official programs of the Western nations.

In particular, it is the trouble with President Kennedy's program. Mr. Kennedy has not chosen his enemy. He is against Communism, of course. And he is also against war, of course. But he has not decided which he is more against. And therefore he cannot have a policy. In his UN speech, as in Cuba, Laos and in Berlin on August 13, he gave war the priority. His multiple repetition of the concept, "Mankind must put an end to war—or war will put an end to mankind," expressed a Type W, not Type C, argument. Khrushchev cannot be blamed if he doubts, as Washington complains, "the credibility of our posture."

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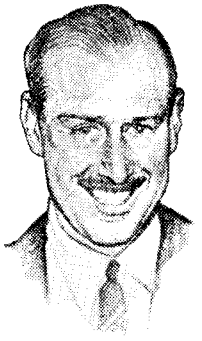
Letter from the Continent

What About Katanga?

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Katanga Government with its secessionist tendencies is considered by the Left a classic example of the sly form of "Neo-Colonialism"; Moise Tshombe is said to be a "stooge" of the *Union Minière*, and there is a tendency among "Afro-Asians" to demand a forceful integration of the Katanga region into a unified Congo Republic. No such demands have been raised for the reintegration of Oriental Province, where Antoine Gizenga is doing pretty much as he pleases.



Kuehnelt-Leddihn

I spent some time in the industrial areas of the Katanga, which, economically, is the only viable part of the entire Congo Basin. Many professional or sentimental anti-colonialists on either side of the Atlantic have curious ideas about Europe's colonialist venture. They do not realize that from a purely economic point of view the colonies worked at a tremendous loss: the balance of trade was usually adverse and the local budget even more so. Nationalism, pride, love of adventure, a sense of mission, religious zeal, military considerations and fear of a loss of prestige preserved the colonial empires—not economics, though certain individuals and certain companies reaped profits.

Historically, it was only the Upper Katanga Region, that tiny appendix of the entire Congo Basin, which made the Congo an interesting proposition for Belgium. More than half of the fiscal revenue of the Congo came from one company, the *Union Minière du Haut-Katanga* and about two thirds from the Katanga Province.

This fact alone caused grievance among the Katangese long before Independence, a grievance against the central colonial government in Léopoldville which depended heavily upon the Katanga. "Léo" was a great city fourteen miles long, with gorgeous boulevards, a great night life, skyscrapers and luxurious cars; "Éville" (Elisabethville) in comparison was just a provincial capital, attractive, clean, well-organized but modest. Everybody in the Katanga realized that as long as colonialism continued, control by "Léo" was inevitable. Yet, since the Congo colony was a completely artificial unit with no natural or tribal boundaries, a mere geopolitical accident, everybody in Katanga agreed that once the Belgian flag was lowered, the Katangese of all races would exploit their natural resources for themselves, and not for the benefit of distant, lazy and backward tribes with whom they had nothing in common.

To this must be added the fact that the Katanga had produced an industrial, *i.e.*, a logical society dominated by thrift and hard work, by good education and well organized social services. The *Union Minière* is a highly paternalistic enterprise dependent upon the Société Générale, which means, as they say in Belgium, "Catholic money." It had done everything imaginable for the workers, including paying them good salaries.

In an industrial society it is reason, not mere whim, not Ju-Ju, witchcraft, superstition and irrational resentments, which is the determinative factor. The farmer, the hunter, the breeder, or even the sub-proletarian in a big city (right out of the jungle) may believe in the never-ceasing interplay of supernatural forces, in mere chance, "luck," and charms, but the worker in a mine or in the smelter knows only too well that the foreman who pulls the wrong lever may kill 200 people. He realizes that an intricate plant cannot be run by the inspirations of medicine-men.

All this created in Katanga an atmosphere (I am almost inclined to say: a civilization) quite different from the rest of the Congo, more like that of Northern Rhodesia. White and Black met here in a matter-of-fact atmosphere. It was to the interest of the *Union Minière* to train highly skilled labor and also to keep its workers emotionally on an even keel, which in Africa means to extend every imaginable protection to their families. This led actually to the creation of a new "biological" type of second and even third generation workers who had grown up with the right vitamins, the right infant training, the right mental disposition. (The intellectual neglect of the small child between the ages of two and seven is responsible for the low IQ in so many parts of Africa.)

No wonder, therefore, that I found people in Elisabethville well dressed, friendly, cooperative. The (former) native quarter was attractive and clean, the children charming, the schools frequented almost equally by girls and boys—a rare thing in Africa!

I visited (this was just before independence) the editorial offices of two leading dailies, both staffed by Negro and white editors. And even then the determination had been reached either to establish a separate Katangese state or to merge it in a very *loose*, federal structure with the rest of the Congo. A unitary state was rejected outright. All natives I met were convinced that, for a long time to come, they needed European advice, European aid, European industrial and commercial relations. I have never met more level-headed people anywhere in Africa. In contrast even at that time Stanleyville and Léopoldville (and also Bukavu) were hotbeds of demagoguery.

The United Nations, by trying to force Katanga into a Congolese state, has been guilty not only of an act of aggression but has violated the very principle of self-determination on which our Western civilization rests. It is particularly tragic (and tragicomic) that the UN activities in the Congo, primarily financed by the United States (and boycotted by the USSR) are directed against a free and prosperous country to the applause and approbation of the Muscovites standing on the sidelines.

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Spain and Anti-Spain

A long-time observer of Spanish affairs, from on the scene, examines the controversial thesis of an important new book on Spain

LEV LADNEK

The thesis of Arthur Whitaker's *Spain and the Defense of the West* (Harper, $6.00) is that Spain, because of certain mistaken or sinful American policies, has become and will continue to be a "political liability" for the United States; that we must "dissociate" ourselves from the Franco dictatorship, alike in the eyes of the world and in the eyes of the Spanish people, by reversing those policies. We must cease to do things that confer international political "respectability" on the Franco regime, and begin to use the leverage of our economic aid program in behalf of Spanish policy reforms in the direction of "freedom," "social justice," and the kind of "institutionalization" that would remove or at least lessen the present intolerable uncertainty as to Spain's political future, and hence as to the security of our Spanish bases. The book further argues that continuation of present American policies (*e.g.*, trying to get Spain into NATO and scheduling visits by American Presidents to Madrid, and other acts that strengthen Franco's hand domestically) is incompatible with our role as leader of the free world in its struggle against Communism, and violates our deepest ethical commitments.

Whitaker argues *both* that a girl like the United States is known by the company she keeps, and that a *nice* girl like the United States ought, calculations of good repute entirely to one side, to *want* to keep good company. Good policy, the author holds, is policy directed at good ethical purpose, let the chips fall where they may. Spain and the Spanish people—with love and affection for whom the book fairly drips—rightly expect that kind of policy from us, and we must not let them down.

Spain and the Defense of the West is, then, mainly a policy recommendation; and we may assume that its appearance on the heels of an American Presidential inauguration and under the aegis of the influential Council on Foreign Relations is no mere happenstance. It is intended to *affect* policy, and, with such powerful backing and because of certain great strengths its author has been careful to build into it, is likely to do so. It will be widely read in quarters that "matter," and the more because it sets down in cogent and unambiguous fashion things as to what to do about Franco that have been gestating in certain heads, and awaiting midwifery ever since, in the early fifties, it was grudgingly conceded by American Liberals that we had to make the air bases agreement with Spain. That was strictly a military arrangement. Let us now, it is suggested, gather our skirts about us; let us touch pitch if we must, but let us not be defiled; not old virtuous us.

It behooves us, then, to take this new toy apart and see what makes it go: see what the policy recommendation really amounts to, what kind of knowledge and thinking about, and "friendship" for, Spain, has really gone into it; what its chances are of getting us the goods it promises us.

Franco and "Conciliation"

At the dedication ceremonies for the *Valle de los Caídos,* the Franco regime's memorial to the fallen on both sides in Spain's Civil War, the Generalissimo delivered an address which serves as a sort of *leitmotiv* for Whitaker's book, and elicits from him what many readers, especially American readers, will deem his most telling indictment of Franco. For the Generalissimo did *not* deliver (as Whitaker would have expected him to) a message of "conciliation." Instead he drew and elaborated upon a sharp distinction between on the one hand "Spain" and on the other hand "Anti-Spain," against the latter of which he vowed in future as in the past, to wage unrelenting war. Moreover, he included under "Anti-Spain," which he does indeed equate with "the Reds," not *merely* Communists, but also all republicans, liberals, socialists, living and unborn, who might seek to reverse in any sense, the victory for which the fallen on *his* side in the Civil War had given their lives. Worse still (and Whitaker is quite right in saying so), instead of trying to provide a regime for *all* Spaniards, Franco has indeed continued to wage war on Anti-Spain: he refuses to let Anti-Spain organize in political parties that might dislodge him from political power; he withholds from Anti-Spain that most sacred of human rights, the political activist's right to freedom of expression; he governs Anti-Spain by "force," that is, in the absence of the free elections by which, for Whitaker's money, both Spain and Anti-Spain would be governing themselves, like other civilized people—but for Franco's stubborn and perverse insistence on keeping alive grudges which, having reached the ripe old age of 31, ought, obviously, to be buried and forgotten. The question is whether we should put upon Franco the pressure we can put—for I agree with Whitaker that we can put pressure, and plenty—to call off the war against Anti-Spain and get on with the business of building a Spain that will have *Lebensraum* for both Spain and Anti-Spain, or if you like for "all Spaniards." The issue, in a word, whether our "ethics" necessarily put us on the side of "conciliation."

Here are some relevant points: 1) On the day we set about reforming the Spanish regime, we will surely be asked the question, "Why *us,* when you weren't so choosey at the time of your alliance with the USSR? Or

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are we the first to undergo American surgery only because you have just lately got into the business of reforming the internal regimes of your allies?" To which we might answer, "Yes, we *are* new at this business; we should indeed have put pressure on Stalin. We can only say that the business is not the less worthy because we are new at it." Such an answer, since it will make us sound a little less self-righteous than Whitaker would have us be, will make the medicine, as we spoon it up, enormously easier for the Spanish to take.

2) I should think we must move along (both prospectively, for Spain, and retrospectively, for the USSR) from "principle" as Whitaker understands it, to "principle" as it is correctly understood. Whitaker, I submit, confuses principle with Liberal ideology, which is to say that any overlap between his position and an ethical one would be not merely coincidental but miraculous. For principle as Whitaker understands it would bid us, as regards intervention in the domestic affiairs of our allies, to subordinate everything to the requirements of a world-wide imperialism on behalf of free elections and free speech. Whereas principle correctly understood would bid us to subordinate everything to the requirements of victory over the world Communist movement. I claim that victory is consistent with what should be—to borrow a phrase Whitaker likes to borrow from a Rockefeller Brothers report—our "deepest ethical commitments."

And 3) We must be very clear as to the meaning, in Spanish conditions, of "conciliation," and as to the relation, in Spanish terms, between conciliation on the one hand and free elections and freedom of expression on the other, and as to where the Franco dictatorship narrowly construed (that is, Franco himself) fits into the whole business.

Let us, by way of working our way into all that, let Whitaker pick up the marbles as regards certain arguments he would no doubt like to draw us into. For example, as to whether it is terminologically correct to classify republicans-in-general, liberals-in-general, and socialists-in-general as "Reds." It isn't. Or as to whether the Franco "Movement" began, as the

Generalissimo would indeed like us to believe, as a movement against Communism. It didn't, though let not Whitaker confuse the question whether it began as a movement against Communism with the question whether it began as a movement that was as a matter of course anti-Communist; for the Franco movement was always as a matter of course anti-Communist. Or as to whether Franco has any business boasting, in connection with the bases agreement, that the U.S. and the "free world" finally came around to seeing it his way. He doesn't; the U.S. and the free world have not yet come around, as, I think, the Whitaker proposal itself clearly shows—the West still shrinks before the comprehensiveness, the clear-headedness, the rigor, of Spanish anti-Communism, of which Franco, for all his shortcomings in other directions, is a faithful expression.

Let us concede Whitaker these points and go on to a consideration of his policy of "conciliating" Spaniards to one another, where we find that in the course of conscientiously setting down, as he does, all the little facts about Spain he overlooks the big and, one would like to think, inescapable fact about Spain, which, with its indispensable applications, is this:

1. Spain is not America. Above all, the Spanish Civil War was not and is not the American Civil War. After the latter, "conciliation," that is, a regime for all Americans, became possible because the vanquished were prepared to accept their defeat at the hands of the victors, which is to say: *not* because the victors were prepared to assure the vanquished that the issues the war had been fought over were unreal, or not worth fighting over. It isn't that the Spanish victors since the Civil War have behaved so differently from the American victors, but that the Spanish vanquished have behaved so differently from the Southerners— and have, what is more, never made any pretense of behaving otherwise. Their intention has been, ever since the last shot was fired, to undo the Nationalist victory, and to reverse the policies it represented. "Spain" and "Anti-Spain" may or may not be the happiest, certainly they are not the most "conciliatory" terms in which to state the continuing issues between the Spanish victors and the Spanish vanquished; they cannot be stated in terms of Communism, as Franco would wish us to believe, any more than in terms of Catholicism, as certain anti-Franco commentators wish us to believe. But that does not mean that the issues are not still there, or that Franco's insistence that they are still there is a matter of stubbornness or perversity. The issues are still there; they are, moreover, the deepest issues that can divide men, whether in politics or in political theory, because they are issues having to do, ultimately, with the meaning and practice of *freedom.*

Risk of Civil War

2. You cannot, therefore, exert pressure on Franco in behalf of all Spaniards, appealing as the notion is. Any pressure you exert must be exerted in behalf of *some* Spaniards against *other* Spaniards, in the knowledge that each of the groupings you must choose between is just as "anti" the other (*and,* in the long pull, the other's "freedom," American style) as the other is of it, and with an eye to the predictable consequences of the pressure you are going to exert. You pays your money and you takes your choice, and no kidding yourself (or other people) about having it both ways; and the basic dividing-line, like it or not, is between those who are deeply convinced that Spain cannot repeat the Spanish Republic's experiment with freedom of expression, freedom of political parties, and free elections without producing another civil war, and are therefore determined that the experiment shall *not* be repeated; and those, the people clearly that Whitaker feels at home with and listens to in Spain, who are willing to "chance" it because they have somehow talked themselves into believing that the divisions a regime of

(Continued on p. 282)

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Special Report

Palestine: Refugees and Minorities

THOMAS MOLNAR

The wall now dividing Berlin is not unique: a similar structure runs across the city of Jerusalem, separating Arabs and Jews in spirit as well as space. The Arabs consider it temporary since they dream of the reconquest of Israel; the Jews accommodate themselves to it and adopt a wait-and-see attitude.

The main topic in the Jordanian section of Jerusalem is the chance of returning one day—soon—to the "other side," after "the United States ceases to support Israel." The Palestinian Arabs, even those who always lived in what is now Jordanian territory, think of themselves as exiles deprived of their independence, as a minority among their more primitive Jordanian hosts. On the streets and highways one meets them as construction workers, farm laborers, cab drivers, small artisans and tourist guides.

Their problem is most acute in the camps where they have been grouped since the end of the Palestinian war. Among Arabs the number of camp inmates is put at the comfortable round figure of one million; the Israelis say the figure is about 400,000. I visited some of the largest camps, near Jericho, a few miles from the Dead Sea. Some 40,000 are sheltered here, under the scorching sun, in huts no larger than ten by ten feet, which often house a family of eight. Outside there is a place to cook the meager rations distributed every month.

The first question one asks is: Why do these camps exist when the people could be absorbed in normal life in Jordan and other Arab countries? Some of the refugee leaders insist that living in the camps keeps the erstwhile communities together, encourages their hope for return, keeps alive their consciousness of the injustice committed against them. In the camp schools children are taught that one day they will see the fatherland. Even those who find work outside—in the Saudi Arabian oil industry or the mines of West Germany, or at seasonal jobs in agriculture—want their families to stay behind in the camps, close to the land they hope to reoccupy.

The countries in which the camps are set up do not contribute financially to their supply and management. While the camps are no small embarrassment to the host countries, there is no indication that the Arab states wish to improve the refugee problem; on the contrary, it seems they wish to keep the camps in existence for purposes of nationalistic propaganda. This is not to say that the solution is easy, or that the Arab lands could absorb hundreds of thousands of immigrants without difficulty. But political capital is made of the problem for the purpose of pointing to Israel as the only guilty party, the jailer of the Arabs still living within its borders.

Arab Hostages

In Jordan I was told that the Arabs remaining in Israel form an oppressed minority many of whom seek to escape; that the seven Arab deputies in the Knesset are practically hostages for the good conduct of their people, and fight a hopeless battle for some recognition of their rights and improvement of their lot. The Israelis, on the other hand, point to the villages and towns of Galilee entirely or partly inhabited by Arabs, to the free Bedouins of the Negev who have no intention of crossing over into Jordan or Syria. They also point to the easy coexistence of Arab, Jew and Druse in those areas, to the free use of Arabic as the second official language of the country (and of the Knesset), and to the efforts to provide the Arab population (10 per cent of the total) with up-to-date hygiene, social security and schools.

There is no doubt that the average Israeli Arab lives as well as his Jordanian brother, and immeasurably better than those who lead the dreary existence in camps. On the other hand, under the British mandate when, in order to discourage Jewish immigration, the hiring of Jewish farm laborers was forbidden, Arab peasants could easily find work with Jewish landowners. Now the Arab laborer, artisan and merchant must face the competition of the Jew, especially of those from Yemen, Iraq and North Africa who are used to a similar standard of living.

Rise of a Middle Class

The Arab intelligentsia is even more handicapped, since the European Jewish immigrants include a large number of professional people who are monopolizing certain careers. It is true that their children no longer seek necessarily to enter the professions, and that the Israelis foresee an actual shortage of physicians, lawyers, judges and above all teachers. Thus the promotion of an Arab middle class and professional class may reasonably be envisaged.

Israeli opinion on the Arab question in general and on the problem of the refugees in particular is by no means uniform. The realists admit that while 220,000 Arabs, even with their high birthrate, are not an unmanageable minority, several times as many would be detrimental to the cohesion of a nation still in the formative period. Moreover, many Israelis are convinced that the Soviet Union will sooner or later allow the three million Jews living in Russia and the satellites to emigrate to Israel.

This thinking exasperates the Arabs, who fear Israeli expansion. Anyone who suggests some accommodation with Israel—as the editor of a Cairo magazine did recently—is instantly dismissed, threatened with reprisals or worse. And the United States has replaced Britain as the chief enemy, for supporting Israel. Our intervention at Suez in favor of Nasser did not diminish this blame. Unquestionably, Nasser's popularity is due in some degree to his championing the cause of war on Israel. Yet I am convinced that the status quo will not be modified unless the world balance of power changes in favor of the Soviet Union. Then Israel's ties to the West might jeopardize its safety, and the dream of Arab reconquest might be fulfilled.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Mt. Pelerin Society

In the handsome arcaded city of Turin, the Mt. Pelerin Society held its twelfth international meeting early in September. Founded fifteen years ago by Professor F. A. Hayek and other champions of a free economy, the Society is an association of economists, sociologists, men of affairs, professors of politics, and serious writers who agree in their detestation of the total state. Usually the Society meets once a year —in recent years, at St. Moritz, Oxford, Princeton, and other pleasant places on either side of the Atlantic. Without any sort of governmental sponsorship or subvention, the Mt. Pelerin Society annually accomplishes more seminal discussion of economic and political problems than the agencies of the United Nations have managed to stimulate since their foundation.

Kirk

The Society's new president is Professor Wilhelm Roepke, the most humane of economists, who seems to have endeavored this year to broaden the base of the Society. There was more discussion at Turin of political questions than at former meetings, and some people present came a long way—from Venezuela and Japan, for instance. Spanish participants appeared for the first time, and there were more Austrians than usual.

Some years ago, the Society might almost have been called "The John Stuart Mill Club" or "The Jeremy Bentham Memorial Association," what with a somewhat rigid adherence to nineteenth-century Liberal dogmas and a rationalistic hostility toward Christianity among a good many members. But the Society has grown gradually more friendly toward conservative, traditional and religious opinions and institutions. One of the most successful addresses at the Turin meeting was that of the Archduke Otto von Habsburg, who spoke on "The Primacy of the Judiciary" in a general session concerned with the problems of liberalism and democracy. That the head of the house of Habsburg should come to be a principal champion of liberal institutions in the prescriptive sense of the phrase, and should be applauded by the heirs of Mill, is some interesting symptom of how the totalitarian threat produces a meeting of minds among conservative and Liberal bodies of opinion.

Among the English and Italian speakers, nevertheless, not a few seemed sworn to the shibboleths of nineteenth-century individualism; these sounded rather as if they were attending a Congress of the Liberal Party International. Rather an archaic aroma clung to their slogans of Progress, Democracy, and the like. By mere dint of repetition, they seemed to believe, they could make an incantation to give dead clichés vitality. One English speaker rejoiced that the blessings of democracy and national independence now prevail in Africa, but added somewhat shrilly, "We must insist that the new states respect . . ." private property, free enterprise, human dignity, etc. In my mind's eye, I saw a shrill little English Liberal proclaiming to Jomo Kenyatta, "But we must insist . . ." and being merely kicked downstairs, if Kenyatta should be in a rare charitable mood.

Five years ago, Professor Hayek addressed the Mt. Pelerin members on "Why I am not a Conservative." In 1961, probably the most popular speaker was Professor Karl Brandt, of Stanford University, who says that he might well write a paper to be called "Why I am a Conservative and not a Liberal." A distinguished economist, Dr. Brandt was one of the Council of Economic Advisers to President Eisenhower, and in other ways is a man of mark. His talk at Turin was concerned with Western countries and "underdeveloped" lands. This was a thoroughgoing and heartfelt defense of Western civilization, including its religious convictions and its prescriptive politics, against the latter-day Liberals.

A considerable and healthy range of opinions exists among the Society's membership. Among the better-known American members are David McCord Wright, Harry Gideonse, Milton Friedman, Ludwig von Mises, John Davenport, Felix Morley, William Henry Chamberlin, and Henry Hazlitt. The cosmopolitan character of the organization is sufficiently suggested by the presence at Turin of Salvador de Madariaga, the Norwegian editor Jacop Hoff, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Jacques Rueff, Daniel Villey, Luigi Einaudi, and large German and Swiss contingents.

Professor Roepke's book *A Humane Economy* (Henry Regnery Company) stands as well as any single work can for the present general principles of the Mt. Pelerin people. The Mt. Pelerin Society held its first meeting only a little while before Professor Schumpeter of Harvard died. In one of his last lectures, Schumpeter mentioned that all the surviving Liberals of the world were meeting at that very moment on a mountaintop in Switzerland (from which mountain, incidentally, the Society takes its name). Though he preferred a free economy, Schumpeter was convinced, to his own dissatisfaction, that liberalism was giving way irrevocably to some form or another of collectivism.

Well, the free economy has gained considerable ground, in parts of the world, since Schumpeter died—in Germany, Japan, and Australia, for instance; and it has held its own better than he would have expected in some other lands. As for liberalism, the moral and political doctrines of Bentham, "the great subversive," are fallen from favor nowadays, except in their *reductio ad absurdum*, Marxism. What we may hope for is a merging of the best elements in the old conservatism and the old liberalism, predicted by Walter Bagehot a century ago. Toward just that, half consciously, half impelled by circumstance, the Mt. Pelerin Society seems to be feeling its way.

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Studied Self-Deception

RICHARD WHALEN

Communism, as Churchill and a few like-minded realists insisted, should have been strangled, ruthlessly and with good conscience, in its swaddling clothes. But the captains of Western civilization were preoccupied with other concerns, such as squeezing the Kaiser till his pips squeaked. And so they dithered and delayed and deluded themselves. So blind have they become through studied self-deception that they now do not see the supreme reality: the approaching birth of a world order, with the terrible infant of Petrograd standing ready as midwife.

Against all logic and justice, in defiance of mankind's hopes and strivings, Communism appears as the only force with the will to wrench from the womb our century's inevitable issue. The West, and particularly the United States, has thus far abdicated; the world, made one by war and technology, goes by default to darkness. Indeed, all but a very few in the West's front rank are determined to face the other way, to deny that the world is at stake.

That is not to say the captains surrender, although that irrevocable abdication is implicit in their posture. Their crime is standing dumb, paralyzed by indecision. Perhaps it is because the West, with rare and miraculous exceptions, no longer produces statesmen with the will to do, the soul to dare. Technicians, scribes, managers, these are found in abundance; but almost none who see the promise beneath the violent birth-pangs; who are moved by a sense of the West's destiny and are able to speak the essential Yes.

An End to Make-Believe, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. Duell, $3.95

Deterrence and Defense, by Glenn H. Snyder. Princeton, $6.50

The Control of the Arms Race, by Hedley Bull. Praeger, $3.95

Though it is a phrase debased by small-souled men, Edgar Ansel Mowrer is best described as a positive thinker. *An End to Make-Believe* is a reasoned and intelligent book, entirely free of cant. The odor of defeatism, the dry rot of self-doubt are absent. Mowrer would have the United States move, not cringe. He exhorts the youngest child of Western civilization to clear its head of a generation of make-believe, and set about building "a world order as free as it [is] peaceful." Lest he seem to echo the scribes who also talk of building and uplifting, Mowrer states plainly that the first and indispensable step is that the West commit itself to victory in the Cold War.

This commitment to victory on his part marks a notable defection from the middle-ground. Mowrer is admired by the scribes and captains; a jacket photograph shows the author with a smiling young friend who was then junior Senator from Massachusetts. Yet, having tried the easy and obvious keys, he has discarded them. If it would unlock the future, he concludes, the West must first down the monstrous pretender with a determined economic, political, psychological and military mobilization.

Writing out of a half-century's experience as diplomatic observer, he looks back to the days when the West, if it had but the will, could have asserted itself with a single stroke. He re-examines the incredible follies of FDR, who staked the fate of nations upon his conceit that he could housebreak Bolshevism; he is unsparing of Truman, who did the decent but unstatesmanly thing, and let the era of our nuclear monopoly pass unexploited. But the special contempt of Edgar Mowrer is reserved for the general who rejected victory.

Eisenhower, he recalls, originally pledged himself "to prosecute the Cold War . . . with vigor and wisdom," but he soon embraced the self-deceptions of his predecessors even as the peril grew. Perhaps the height of make-believe, Mowrer suggests, was reached one day in 1955 at Geneva. Eisenhower suddenly leaned across the conference table to address a few words to "my friend, Marshal Zhukov." They were a promise, as one soldier to another, that "under no circumstances is the United States ever going to be a party to aggressive war—against any nation." Banal enough to most Americans, that statement, Mowrer rightly judges, was an incredible concession to the aggressor. Moreover, it was a confession, later buttressed by events, that the U.S. was officially ignorant of what was at stake.

It was Eisenhower, then, who opened the way to what could prove the fatal self-delusion: that war was "unthinkable" and "peace" the objective. For, in so assuming, Mowrer writes, the West granted the Communists "the certainty that they could continue their expansion through propaganda, subversion and even military probing without fear of a sudden American attack."

That certainly has grown dangerously. Khrushchev rejoices in Communist "invincibility." *Comrades, we live in a splendid time. Our* captains speak of the worst times. And even though we march bravely on our side of the tomb-like wall and let the lights burn late at State and summon the managers to the White House, a shiver runs through the ranks.

This is our penalty, Mowrer suggests, for trying to substitute technicians for statesmen. This is the timidity of the Age of Research. To be sure, institutes and study centers

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are often useful; but they are insufficient to our deepest need—decisive and courageous leadership. No committee or scholar can put iron in a weak spine.

Glenn H. Snyder's *Deterrence and Defense,* issuing from Princeton's Center of International Studies, is a valuable contribution to our expanding literature of war theory. In their lucid minds, the doctors of military and strategic doctrine are already waging the war which the captains have called "unthinkable." That is all to the good; the nightmare must be thought about, if only the better to prevent it. But the purpose of this closely reasoned work is to describe and elaborate, not to "take a position." Its function, which it achieves admirably, is to lay before the decision-makers the available alternatives, the various postures of military power and their likely deterrent and defensive utility. Responsibility for choosing the *right* (or the least wrong) one is explicitly rejected by the scholar.

Such refusal to say yes or no, proper in this case, becomes irresponsibility in others. Take disarmament, for example, or, if you prefer, "arms control." From London's Institute of Strategic Studies comes Hedley Bull's *The Control of the Arms Race,* which promises in its title a plan it does not divulge. While far more sensible than Lord Russell and his ilk, Bull is still a man bemused by an illusion. He solemnly asks that we recognize the "complexity in the moral, military and political issues raised by modern war," yet he seems unaware of the simple Soviet doctrine concerning disarmament: it should disarm the West only.

Hence, Bull can write: "The Conference on the cessation of nuclear tests, which has been in session more or less continuously in Geneva since 1958 is . . . the most important example in the postwar world of serious negotiation and bargaining about arms control—*as distinct from the conduct of political warfare about it.*" (Emphasis added.) That stands the truth upside-down; the recently exploded Geneva test-ban talks were, as events proved, the most important postwar example of Soviet political warfare on arms control. The technician insists on Yes despite reality's grim No.

But to give up hope of "controlling" the arms race, or of creating an "effective" UN, or of appeasing "the rising expectations" of savages asks an effort beyond the capacity of minds soothed by make-believe. Peace, Mutual Understanding and Economic Progress are so shiny, so inspiring—and so irrelevant.

That is their appeal to the halt and blind captains. But dreams for a world in which Communism flourishes are the airy fantasies of children, doomed to dissolve and disappear. If the West would have peace and progress and unity in freedom, it must summon in its diminished soul the will to seize the world from the usurper, and to bury his heresy deep.

Newspaper Emperor

EDWIN McDOWELL

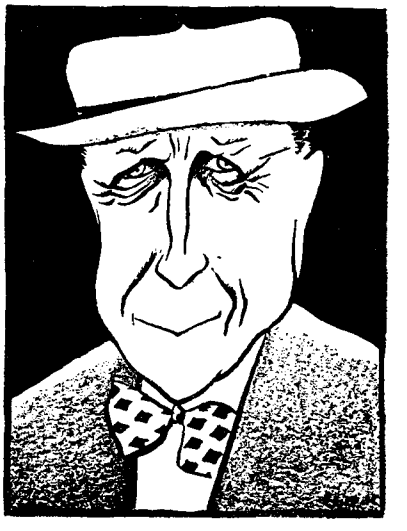
"A HEARST newspaper," said Westbrook Pegler's father, himself a Hearst writer, "is like a screaming woman running down the street with her throat cut"—the difference being that while an injured woman ultimately would be given medical attention, the old-time Hearst papers seldom stopped screaming long enough to undergo corrective surgery. "In the strict sense, the Hearst papers were not newspapers at all," Mr. Swanberg writes in *Citizen Hearst.* "They were printed entertainment and excitement—the equivalent in newsprint of bombs exploding, bands blaring, firecrackers popping, victims screaming, flags waving, cannons roaring, houris dancing, and smoke rising from the singed flesh of executed criminals."

Citizen Hearst, by W. A. Swanberg. Scribner's, $7.50

The wonder is not that people bought Hearst newspapers by the millions; even today intimate accounts of sin, suicide, or seduction sell more papers than stories of Khrushchev's latest move, or the New Frontier's most recent "vigorous diplomatic protest." The wonder is that the man most responsible for turning newspapers into a Barnum & Bailey sideshow, replete with endless outré exhibits, was the enigmatic, diffident William Randolph Hearst, former editor of the Harvard *Lampoon* who was expelled from college when he sent to each of his instructors an ornamentally inscribed chamber pot.

From the time he acquired his father's *San Francisco Examiner,* at age 23, until less than four decades later when his publishing empire consisted of 22 daily papers, 15 Sunday papers, and nine magazines, Hearst seldom was out of the nation's spotlight. His *New York Journal's* circulation wars with Joseph Pulitzer's *World* marked the nadir of journalistic ethics, and his militant crusades on behalf of radical legislation—including the graduated income tax and government ownership of utilities—make today's *New York Post* read like the house organ of the NAM.

While the *New York Times* once referred to Heart's "socialistic principles," during his two terms in Con-



gress, in truth he had few deep-rooted ideological convictions during those early years beyond believing that what was good for Hearst was good for the nation. And what was best for the nation was the Presidency of William Randolph Hearst. Yet, despite the ballyhoo generated by his publishing empire

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—it was said one out of every fou American families read a Hearst pub lication—Hearst himself was a polit ical failure. Time and again, he saw the Senate, governorship, and the New York mayoralty narrowly land out of reach of his eager grasp. And while he received 263 electoral votes during the 1904 Democratic conven tion, despite tales of his spending a fortune in quest of the nomination, it was the closest he ever came to political immortality. (If Harry Tru man's charges during the last Demo cratic convention were correct, it would appear Hearst had the right idea about the way to capture the Presidency, but unfortunately was 56 years ahead of his time.) When in 1932 he had John Nance Garne throw the Texas and California dele gations to FDR, after receiving Roosevelt's solemn promise that he would eschew international entangle ments, Hearst found himself a polit ical nova.

Except for the author's endemic tendency to describe undesirable and reactionary policies as conserva tive, he manages to be fair to Hearst. He defends the publisher from charges of being pro-German (he was anti-British) or fascistic (yet he hardly adds to the book's stature by saying that leftist observer Raymond Gram Swing, whom the author generously describes as a Liberal, thought it possible Hearst enter tained fascist ideas without even knowing it); he writes admiringly of Hearst's resistance to massive Allied propaganda efforts to drag the U.S into both World Wars; and he gives Hearst credit for recognizing the Communist menace long before many "respectable" newspapers. Nor does he deprecate Hearst's personal brav ery, displayed most conspicuously in a daring rescue of a fisherman ship wrecked off the California coast, and in Cuba when Hearst singlehandedly captured 29 prisoners during the Spanish-American War.

But Swanberg is unsparing in his treatment of Hearst's successful ef forts to whip the nation into a war hysteria against Spain. So blown out of proportion were Hearst stories of alleged Spanish atrocities, and so glowing were the fabricated accounts of Cuban heroism, that one could easily mistake them for today's Lib eral press treatment of the Portu guese-Angola dispute, or H. L. Mat thews' encomiums on Castro. It prob ably would have to be agreed that Hearst (with his tart directive to a photographer: "You furnish the pic tures and I'll furnish the war") to gether with Pulitzer dragged an apathetic America into the war for Cuban liberation. And it also prob ably would have to be agreed that the Hearst coverage of the Maine disaster still stands, in Swanberg's words, "as the orgasmic acme of ruthless, truthless newspaper jingo ism."

Unlike biographies which paint Hearst either all black or all white, this carefully documented work sel dom passes judgment. The truth is that Hearst was an admixture of re former and radical, newspaper proph et and panderer, a giant of a man, for better and, mostly, for worse.

Fiction

Flat Surfaces

LOUISE COWAN

Green and Golden, by Alix Taylor. Doubleday, $3.75

The Devil Came on Sunday, by Os wald Wynd. Doubleday, $4.50

Marriage in Philippsburg, by Mar tin Walser. New Directions, $4.50

Saturn Over the Water, by J. B. Priestley. Doubleday, $4.40

The Foxglove Saga, by Auberon Waugh. Simon and Schuster, $3.95

With Flaubert, Turgenev, Dostoev sky (as we have somewhat belatedly come to recognize), James, Conrad and Joyce, mere vicarious experience was no longer the aim of the novel ist, any more than it had been of Homer in the epic of Sophocles and Shakespeare in the drama. Con structing a story now became the serious task of giving an order to ex perience which life itself did not di rectly provide; the ultimate aim of fiction was knowledge, as it could be derived from closely observed human situations when they are shaped into a symbolic structure possessing or ganic, not mechanical, form. This basic new principle—that form itself is an embodiment of moral insight—led to technical innovations as meth ods of discovering what Virginia Woolf called "the really real" in or dinary events. Devices that served to heighten tonal values, to activate sense details (Flaubert maintained that no object exists in fiction until it has been acted upon), to narrow and deepen point of view, and to transcend the mechanical barriers of time, though they tended to dimin ish the importance of plot, became the means by which a writer's imagination might penetrate his ma terial more deeply and thereby evaluate it. Thus there emerged a body of techniques that, far from be ing a clog upon the writer's creativ ity, offered him a variety of resources by which he could realize his story. One would think no writer of fiction coming after this major development could afford to ignore it.

Yet after reading five novels that appeared during the last few weeks, one has the feeling that the important discoveries in the art of fiction might never have occurred.

Green and Golden, a first novel by Alix Taylor, an American woman born and educated in France, comes closest to showing some preoccupa tion with method, though its distance away from serious fiction seems to be roughly that of the creative writ ing classroom. A series of sketches tracing the experiences of a French child in a delightfully humane world of brothers, sisters, cousins, nurses and chauffeurs, it is rather standard "sensitive" writing, nostalgic and evocative. One would expect some thing more purposeful of a writer's sixth novel; yet *The Devil Came on Sunday*, by a Scotsman who spent his youth in Japan, shows no great technical concern. Oswald Wynd's novel has the virtue of theme to give it coherence; but this dominant idea

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—the destructiveness of mechanized efficiency upon the manners and mores of a traditional community—is worked out more in terms of abstractions than of form. But it remains for a second novel by a young German writer, Martin Walser's *Marriage in Philippsburg,* to ignore most noticeably the principles of fiction writing as anything more than naturalistic reporting. The unity of this novel depends upon a central subject, taken up in its various manifestations: sexual love, or, as Mr. Walser calls it, "marriage."

THE ENGLISH never completely accepted the Flaubertian or Jamesian in fiction; the writing of these two innovators, as Ford Madox Ford said, was an "alien cloud" passing over the landscape. Conrad, after all, was a Pole, and Joyce was Irish. Virginia Woolf was an anomaly. Actually, most modern English writers have derived from a narrative tradition of their own, a racy tale-telling style, full of flavor, wit, and incidental philosophizing, evidencing a keen discursive sense more than any imaginative vigor. Attempting this vein, J. B. Priestley, popular lecturer, dramatist, critic and novelist, has done a particularly slick piece of work in his new novel, *Saturn Over the Water.* A mystery tale that is part fantasy and part parable (somewhat like Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*), it must have been intended by Priestley as the sort of thing Chesterton and, in our day, Greene have produced. But Priestley lacks the hard philosophical and theological equipment of these two; hence his implicit allegory is far-fetched, pseudo-mystical, and a little silly.

Another Englishman, Auberon Waugh, son of Evelyn, tells a good tale in his first novel, *The Foxglove Saga.* Intelligent, wicked, audacious and delightful, it too is outside the development of fiction as an art, though it uses technique with skill and tact. The very best of the British narrative talents are concentrated here, as a matter of fact: the irony and grotesquerie of Swift, the satire and wit of Pope, the naughtiness and farce of Byron. The vision of *The Foxglove Saga* is outrageously comic; in it the most appalling occurrences are viewed under Thalia's malign light; the blinding of a fond mother by the strong thumbs of her monster-child as she bends over his face to coo endearments; the death of a schoolboy from gangrene incurred in carving another boy's initials on his arm; the harrying of poor ill Brother Thomas almost literally to death by sanctimonious Lady Foxglove, who stops outside his door a moment afterward to place a check in her notebook by the item "Visit the sick." Waugh's novel has a marvelous unity in that each character, each event functions within a created world. But the world is a caricature, a product of the intellect rather than the imagination.

What has happened to the art of fiction? The failure of these five novelists to concern themselves with technique as a creative process is an indication of a far more general failure of the imagination. Priestley dodges the issue somewhat by writing a thriller out of fantasy, and Waugh goes his own way by parodying existence in a construct of private values; but the others more openly join the writers of our day who lack the moral imagination which is the gift of a traditional culture and which alone can endow form and technique with meaning. Lacking it, they can only essay the apparently endless flat description of the surface of life.

Men and Manners

The Saga of Frank Buchman

FRANCIS RUSSELL

I NEVER SAW the flaccid-cherubic face of Frank Buchman except in photographs. Yet although I was not to meet the father of Moral Rearmament, I did cross paths with his movement when it was still in its backwoods stage and known as Buchmanism. Frank started out from some YMCA in the slashes of Pennsylvania; and his original pitch, that somehow seems reflected in the very name Buchmanism, came from a series of books written by Mencken's Sunday School teacher—*What a Young Boy Ought to Know, What a Young Man Ought to Know,* etc.

According to these tracts for the times, any manifestation of premarital sexual activity—"onanism" was the favored word—resulted in debility, ostracism, insanity and finally death. The Buchmanites at first traded on the sex guilt of adolescents in much the same way with their slogan of "absolute purity." They also practiced somewhat exhibitionistic group confessions. So unsavory were their beginnings that in the twenties they were driven from the Princeton campus.

It was in my last year at Roxbury Latin that Fred Hurd—who had been five Roxbury clasess ahead of me—invited me to a Buchmanite meeting at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. Fred had graduated from Dartmouth in 1926, and then in fever of post-adolescent piety had enrolled at ETS. Later, however, when the fever subsided he transferred to the Harvard Business School.

Fred's room was on the second floor of one of the ivy-encrusted Victorian Gothic halls. I remember little more of it today than its air of episcopal twilight and that there were some whimsical cherubs painted on the ceiling. Several other theological students were there when I arrived,

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among them a son of Bishop Lawrence. There was also a modernist Congregational minister, a gospel streamliner: and by antithesis there was kindly bumbling Dr. Worcester who had for years past given hygiene lectures to reluctant Harvard freshman in a creditless course known familiarly as Smut I, and who in years to come would live to be Harvard's oldest graduate. Lastly there was a Dutch baron, urbanely voluble as to his sinful existence before he surrendered to Frank Buchman.

I did not realize then that it was being granted me to be present at the opening maneuver of Frank's Operation Harvard. He had, it seems, received his inspiration to storm the Cambridge citadel in one of his "quiet times." The quiet time—to which I was introduced that afternoon—was the cornerstone of Buchmanism. It was like having a private telephone line to the Deity. We, after a brisk and matey prayer by the Congregational minister, sat in silence waiting for the Divine response. According to Frank, God always sent back a memorandum on what to do. Bishop Lawrence's son was a great enthusiast for the quiet time, and later when he had become ordained and married he would write about how his children used to solve their problems by taking them quietly to God. His little girl, aged six, would take up with Him regularly the problem of eating too much candy. This was about the period of the great famine in the Ukraine.

After our quiet time, and plans for setting up siege lines around the Harvard Yard, the meeting broke up. At the foot of the stairs the baron overtook me and asked me how absolute my honesty was. I had to admit that I lied fairly frequently. Then with an air of victory he wanted to know the details, I told him that I lied to my father every time I wanted to borrow the family Buick and take my Penelope for a ride. He offered me a nickel to demonstrate absolute honesty by telephoning my father and confessing at once, and his round Dutch face turned oval when I declined. But as I explained, first of all my father would think I had gone mad, and secondly, I should never see the south side of the Blue Hills with Penelope again.

That was my last contact with Buchmanism. The baron went back to Holland, Freddy moved on to the Business School, and even Bishop Lawrence's son had to face the fact that Harvard undergraduates were irredeemable. It was after these rebuffs that Frank sensed it was time to shed a name that suggested some food-cult colony in upper New York State. He now received a quiet-time message to move on to Oxford where he was to cloak his movement with that ancient name. Picking the name Oxford Group Movement in advance with the care of an advertisement agent launching a new detergent, he set sail for England. He could not have chosen a more potent label, one not only hallowed in the English-speaking academic world but also associated religiously with the Ox-

Random Notes

Movies: Among movies scheduled for late fall release: Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke,* with Geraldine Page as Alma, the role she played in José Quintero's off-Broadway production some years back; Laurence Harvey plays (badly) opposite her, and the whole is a lush, beautiful, but finally static film, a too literal adaptation of the play, which was all theater, all dazzle, not really meant for close scrutiny. . . . Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's* has been all glossed up for Audrey Hepburn, who plays Holly Golightly as if she were a blend of Rima the Bird Girl and a Givenchy mannequin. . . . Robert Rossen's *The Hustler,* possibly the best movie out of Hollywood in years, has fine performances by Jackie Gleason, George Scott and Piper Laurie, a mediocre one by Paul Newman; fast, sharp, unsentimental, *The Hustler* is about pool rooms, bus stations, dollar-a-night hotel rooms, the tawdriness of Louisville during Derby week, about winning and losing and what makes the difference.

Elizabeth Taylor's contract with Warner Brothers the most lucrative ever signed by a motion picture star: for each of two pictures, to be produced by her husband, she takes home a cool million against 10 per cent of the gross, plus 50 per cent of the net. . . . Otto Preminger plans to release his *Advise and Consent* abroad under the title *Scandal in Washington.*

Television: *Variety* notes a comeback for quiz shows, with some twenty jockeying for daytime slots alone; the giveaways are not big money but big merchandise, which, say the producers, tends to keep it clean . . .

Books: The season's big biography: Mark Schorer's *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* (McGraw-Hill, $10), a long, solid study of "that characteristic phenomenon of American literature—the man who enjoys a tremendous and rather early success and then suffers through a long period of decline and deterioration, both literary and moral." . . . Virgilia Peterson's *A Matter of Life and Death* (Atheneum, $5) is a kind of moral autobiography, alternately embarrassing, fascinating, tasteless, readable, humourless, and difficult to forget, rather like a confession overheard. . . . A new paperback, *South: Modern Southern Literature,* edited by Louis D. Rubin Jr., and Robert D. Jacobs (Dolphin Original, $1.45), covers Southern writers from Cabell to Styron in twenty-three essays by various critics. . . . One of the most talked-about books of the year, out this month, *Picasso's Picassos,* with superb photographs and text by the ex-*Life* photographer David Douglas Duncan (Harper, $24.95), showing for the first time the paintings Picasso has kept at La Californie.

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ford Movement of a century before.

Frank had never been in Oxford in his life, and when he arrived at the station like a trans-Atlantic cherub he knew no one. Yet somehow, in a short time, he managed to corral a few undergraduates and impress them with his YMCA-inherited sense of sin—and the numbers grew. Given the emotional immaturity of the Oxford undergraduate with the hothouse atmosphere of his public school background, the result was predictable. Buchmanism never swept the university, but it did make enough impression to make Frank feel he had scored with the name. He streamlined his technique. Public confessions became known as "sharing," and afterward a person was "changed." To absolute honesty and purity were now added absolute unselfishness and absolute love.

Subtly, as his movement caught on, he began to shift his base from the Oxford colleges to that eccentric segment of the English upper class that contains a larger percentage of cultists than anywhere in the world except Los Angeles. He became a name picker-up, and with his success the money began to roll in. To the stupider members of great families he offered a flattering sense of accomplishment, and they responded with financial as well as moral support. His meetings now took the form of week-end house-parties at large country houses where 90 per cent of the guests would be nonentities and 10 per cent Bertie Woosters. He himself began to live lushly. He traveled in style: suites on transatlantic liners and the best hotels, a Rolls Royce at the door. When anyone questioned the Christian appropriateness of Oxford Groupers holding banquets at the Ritz, he would reply with his disarming dimpled smile, "Isn't God a millionaire?"

The English social success of refurbished Buchmanism gave it a belated status among wealthy circles in America. As a movement it began to acquire property as well as propriety. It now seemed to Frank that he had outgrown even the Oxford tag. After all, one did not want to be considered a perpetual undergraduate. In 1938, as England prepared belatedly for war, he received the quiet-time inspiration for the third stage of Buchmanism, Moral Rearmament. The name, capitalizing by association with the nation's peril, was an even more astute choice than that of Oxford. Long since forgotten was Mencken's Sunday School teacher. Frank did make one *gaffe* when he tried to cash in on anti-Communism by saying a few cautious good words for Hitler, but he soon explained that he had really meant something else. On another occasion he received a quiet-time alert to cross the Atlantic on the same ship as the Windsors, but somehow the signals were twisted and he never managed to meet them.

During the war years the movement was muted, but afterward Moral Rearmament played itself up as an answer to the Communist peril. By this time Frank had breached Fortress Europa, establishing a beachhead at Caux, Switzerland, where he acquired two hotels and a chain of chalets overlooking Lake Geneva and the Alps. He also set up centers in London's Berkeley Square and New York's Westchester County. Largest of all, his world headquarters, was a multi-million-dollar establishment on Mackinac Island in Michigan. Princeton and Harvard were left in their outer darkness. Over the years several Moral Rearmament books appeared with arch titles like *For Sinners Only,* and there was a Moral Rearmament film and even a musical comedy.

Beyond Moral Rearmament there was no further step except to acquire property. God might be a millionaire; Frank certainly was. Frank Buchman was one of the gifted in sensing how to exploit man's often pathetic will to believe. Such prophets are as varied as Father Divine, Aimée Semple McPherson, Oom Paul and the Great I Am. Frank's contribution to the history of cults was to become the Father Divine of the *Social Register* and *Burke's Landed Gentry.*

Records

Jazz in the Thirties

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

It was a time of excitement, of the new and the old blending, when the music went 'round and 'round and came out here. We drove through the dark avenues of Staten Island to hear the after-hours piano of Art Hodes, toothpick-thin as he hunched over the keyboard—out of the Chicago barrelhouse school and playing beer hall gigs until he got his 802 card. We walked the streets of Harlem, looking for cellar joints where the loud rich voice of an alto or a horn cut the cigarette smoke. In Greenwich Village, Bud Freeman and the old Austin High gang blasted out their own version of Dixieland's 2/4 beat. But singing through the brash texture was Bobby Hackett's sweet, poignant cornet—evoking in tone and phrasing the half-forgotten Bix Beiderbecke.

At Carnegie Hall, at the Paramount Theater, and in the dancehalls of Westchester, we stamped our feet and rocked to the big-band blare of Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Count Basie and Andy Kirk. Or we sat in the open-shirted atmosphere of Harlem's Apollo Theater, caught up by the tutored plangencies of Duke Ellington.

This was jazz in the thirties, before the college boys and the amateur musicologists began to split hairs and search for microtones. The music was everywhere, bold and uninhibited, and we were its prophets. (Now the girls squeal with delight over caterwauling epicenes badly in need of a haircut.) Today jazz is no longer SRO, and we can recapture the nostalgia only by playing the records and dreaming of departed days. This is at best a substitute, for part of it was the infectious atmosphere of the time and the place. For me, however, it is almost enough.

I can take down the two LPs of the Benny Goodman 1938 *Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert,* issued by Columbia almost 25 years after the event, and recall the great surge that filled those staid environs as the sock of the Goodman and Basie bands hit the chandeliers. This was "swing" at its greatest—the coordinated drive of brass against reed against percussion, and over it a limpid clarinet weaving its magic. I can hear the Goodman

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Quartet, intricate and delicate—the suspended rhythms of Teddy Wilson's pianisms, the light clatter of Lionel Hampton's vibraphone, and Gene Krupa subduing the extravert boom of his drums and spitting out his gum where perhaps the night before Arturo Toscanini had stood.

Ellington and his sidemen were on hand to give a sophisticated inflection to the plantation voice in *Blue Reverie*, and Bobby Hackett repeated Bix's tender solo from *I'm Coming Virginia*. It was a great night of great performances, and before the ushers knew what was happening the kids were dancing in the aisles to the climactic *Sing, Sing, Sing*—chorus after chorus of piling tension, suddenly snapping to Jess Stacy's now historic piano solo, neither jazz nor Chopin but a little of both.

I can put needle to *New Orleans Memories*—Jelly Roll Morton alone with the rags and blues he made famous. Milt Gabler reissued them on a Commodore LP, giving permanence on vinylite to the sensitive piano and the raspy voice traversing *Mamie's Blues* ("this is no doubt the first blues I ever heard . . . I had to make myself a can-rusher to learn it"), *Michigan Water Blues* ("Michigan water taste like cherry wine"), or the saga of a legendary trumpet player in *Buddy Bolden's Blues* ("I thought I heard Buddy Bolden shout / Open up the window, let the foul air out").

The nights spent at Nick's bar in the Village have been preserved on another Commodore reissue, *Dixieland Classics*. The title is misleading, for Eddie Condon and his boys were playing in a style we got to call Nicksieland. On this record, *Carnegie Drag* (cut right after the Goodman concert) is the very best—a real beat blues with Hackett's cornet, George Brunies' tailgate trombone, and Pee-wee Russell's spit-in-the-mouth piece clarinet. There is more of this kind of music in *Condon à la Carte* with other men creating other moods ranging from the strident *Ballin' the Jack* to the sly *Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll*.

In this "swing" groove, I can find the Artie Shaw band—before Artie had gone arty. On this RCA LP, *Moonglow*, Shaw's mellifluous clarinet rides against the clean ringing trumpet of Billy Butterfield in *Star Dust*, the song that said it so well. On an epic 45 rpm of *The Blues*, the Shaw clarinet makes a *ménage à trois* with Bunny Berigan's dazzling cornet and George Wettling's staccato rim shots and metronomic drumming.

There is all of this and more in the jazz we heard live in the thirties, to hear today on records: the endless flow of Ellington compositions; Berigan's *I Can't Get Started*, cut before the booze had destroyed his lip and warped his good taste; Louis Armstrong, about whom I will write at length in the future; a long, dear catalogue.

The world of jazz has moved on to the split infinitives of "cool" or "progressive" music, to the horrors of rock-and-roll, and to the mediocrities of those who hold a great art in poor receivership. The thirties were a kind of Golden Age in which jazz was still close to the real and the true, and not yet cut off from its roots in the blues and the dance. It's gone but not forgotten. Watson, hand me the diamond needle.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WHO PROMOTED PERESS?, by Lionel Lokos (The Bookmailer, $3.00). Well, who *did* promote Peress? The answer, which can be found in this carefully researched book, is less sensational than melancholy: Colonel Blimp promoted Peress. Bad enough, but worse was to come, when the shifty General Zwicker was promoted, a gesture of retroactive vindictiveness against Senator McCarthy. The record is all here for those who want to look at it, which they'll have to do fast, before history runs away with the facts, forever stabilizing the passion play constructed around the upwardmobile Mr. Welch. Mr. Lokos writes with a great zest, and all factmongers are in his debt. W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

MILA 18, by Leon Uris (Doubleday, $4.95). Turning his attention to the Warsaw ghetto uprising—and keeping one eye trained on John Hersey's more ambitious *The Wall*—Leon Uris this summer produced *Mila 18*, by all odds the worst Uris book ever written. (No mean feat.) Top banana in the Uris ghetto is one Andrei Androfski, who combines the best qualities of Chaim Weizmann and Tarzan. Andrei, to be sure, has his faults—*viz.*, a hot head and a Polish-American sweetie. But as someone remarks on page 43, "If a *shikse* was good enough for Moses, a *shikse* is good enough for Androfski"—neatly dispatching one piece of bigotry. Gabriela (for such was her name) is, needless to say, both "beautiful" and "brilliant." She wheels and deals as no one has since Ann Sheridan, the Oomph Girl, appeared in a flick as the intellectual leader of the Norwegian Underground. Among her allies are a kindly old rabbi and a kindly old priest; one hopes that a kindly old Calvinist divine will make the scene, but no such luck. The main problem is to spring one Christopher de Monti, an Italian journalist who has become "the most important man in the ghetto." Chris dabbles in alcoholism, sex orgies with Nazi biggies, and spying for the Germans. Nonetheless, Uris redeems him, and he is soon hustling through the Warsaw sewers. Among the lesser characters there are hosts of good Jews, hosts of bad Germans; what Uris seems to be pushing throughout is Zionism for the Jews, genocide for the Germans. Although the valiant men and women who died in the Warsaw ghetto deserve better, *Mila 18* is selling briskly.

N. PARMENTEL

A SOCIALIST EMPIRE: THE INCAS OF PERU, by Louis Baudin, trans. from the French by Katherine Woods (D. Van Nostrand, $8.00). Having flown the Mendoza Pass and skirted the ramparts of the Cordillera for the thousands of miles from Santiago to Bogota, having thrilled to Prescott and wondered with Hiram Bingham and dipped (*cum grano salis*) in Sarmiento, having pawed in the dust of the ruins at Pachacamac, I thought I knew the Incas. I hadn't even begun. Professor Bau-

(Continued on p. 281)

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To the Editor

The Polish Magazine

In telling about the *Kultura* group [September 23], I wrote that ". . . *Kultura* has become a prime intelligence center." It has been pointed out to me that this phrase is subject to a possible misunderstanding. I meant only that *Kultura* has become an institution having reliable information which it communicates through its publications. *Kultura* has no connection, official or unofficial, with any government, or with any sort of espionage or comparable activities.

Kent, Conn. JAMES BURNHAM

Mr. Bozell's Review

Will you permit me a brief comment upon L. Brent Bozell's review of my *War and the Christian Conscience* [September 23]? While I appreciate his long and thoughtful comment, Bozell leaves your readers with the impression that I have fundamentally misinterpreted the Western Christian, and in particular the Catholic, analysis of the morality of warfare. He asserts that "nowhere" do I "establish authority for the middle term of [my] syllogism—namely, the contention that 'direct' killing of noncombatants in war is the same thing as 'direct' killing in private affairs, and therefore an *intrinsically* immoral act." Yet, if "Augustine never equated the two situations," if "Thomas clearly recognized the distinction," or if for them only a vague reference to "wanton barbarity" or "proportionate" military necessity provided the moral limitation on military action, this was because the rule of "double effect" and noncombatant immunity was not as yet clearly formulated. Not "nowhere" but almost *everywhere* in my book do I "establish authority" for the proscription of subjectively intended and objectively direct killing of noncombatants—in the practically unanimous Christian moral teachings from the Middle Ages to the present day. Bozell makes no reference to the solid phalanx of authorities cited. Nor does he assume responsibility for arguing against the political and moral wisdom in this judgment.

I may have failed—like everyone else—to subdue the problem of modern war. On this, Bozell makes no reference at all to my contention that, *with* our massive weapons, no statesman can *reasonably* make the response he contends cannot be made without them. However that may be, I am not mistaken as to the moral tradition defining military conduct that is *malum in se*. If this is now irrelevant, then warfare is incurably *immoral*, now and in the future.

I yield to none in concern over the possible demise of Christian civilization, or in my belief that justice has to be defended by military force. Yet this civilization is already dead in its most articulate champions, unless the teachings I have exposed to view have decisive bearing on the weapons we are disposed to use "with good conscience." There can be no question about what *has been* the "conscience" of the West. Unless this is still pertinent to weapons-plans, then we may as well confess that we have to conduct war like barbarians in order to defeat barbarians. For "barbarity" has been defined among us by other clear rules of conduct than inflicting "barely intolerable damage" necessary to secure "victory" and avoiding such "wanton cruelty" as may be militarily "unnecessary."

Princeton, N.J. PAUL RAMSEY
Department of Religion
Princeton University

re: Mr. Bozell's "Nuclear War and the Moral Law," a Jew who considers himself enlightened can only be shocked when reading such reviews. Mr. Bozell advocates wholesale murder to save the "Christian West." The Christian West has embarked on murder and rapine before in its defense, but such opinions are inexcusable in this day and age. Neither Mr. Bozell nor Mr. Buckley nor any of the other self-appointed Templars of Tradition can bring back the Middle Ages. I suggest Mr. Bozell bone up on the Old Testament. Especially the commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

New York City JOHN LISSNER

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A Suggestion

Today's anachronism, incongruity, absurdity, or what have you. I noted in the local newspaper today under the by-line of Robert S. Allen and Paul Scott that: "He (SecDef R. S. McNamara) is passing the word that a service-hunt has begun for a 'fighting' general to succeed Gen. George H. Decker, Army Chief of Staff . . . in 1962." In view recent Gen. Walker incident, suggest 1) Allen & Scott in error or 2) SecDef has flipped lid. Recommend either 1) that all "fighting" generals best lay low, or 2) that Walker's reprimand be withdrawn, an apology issued by SecDef, and Walker, one of America's fightingest and finest generals, be nominated to JFK for Army's top billet.

U.S. Navy M.A.R.

Siste, Viator

For a nostalgic, perceptive and intelligent article by John Gregory Dunne [October 7], occasioned by *The Edge of Sadness* and ending with so honest and touching but sobering, sad a sentence: heartfelt thanks! *Siste, igitur, viator lugeque. . . .*

Pittsburgh, Pa. JOHN WRIGHT
Bishop of Pittsburgh

Rightist Renascence

In your October 7 issue Bruce K. Chapman, with his "advanced" way of looking at the world, gazes with scorn upon conservative activities within the Republican Party. Although he adopts rather well the garb of a good Republican, concerned only with preserving us from "disloyal" elements, it is quite apparent that his major worry is that "the myth of a rightist renascence" within the party might prove to be no myth at all. God forbid that anyone to the right of BKC should ever presume to be elected as a Republican!

Mr. Chapman and his friends are the leading exponents, these days, of the fallacious doctrine that the Republican Party is too weak to survive a healthy conflict of ideas. The fact is, Bruce, that the Republican Party is broad enough to include both Rockefeller *and* Goldwater—and when Republicans realize that fact, we might start winning some elections.

It would be at least as bad for the party if *Advance*-type liberals had their way in closing off debate within the party as it would if conservatives were to desert Republicanism in those areas where they are unable to control it.

Cambridge, Mass. JOHN R. WILLIAMS
Harvard Young Republican Club
Member at Large

Greatest Heritage

Frank Meyer presents a crystal statement in "*Commonweal* Puts the West in Its Place" [October 7]. Henri Bergson alleges that Christianity is the West's greatest heritage. Mr. Meyer makes us worthy of this inheritance.

GERARD C. DESROCHERS, M.D.
Manchester, N.H.

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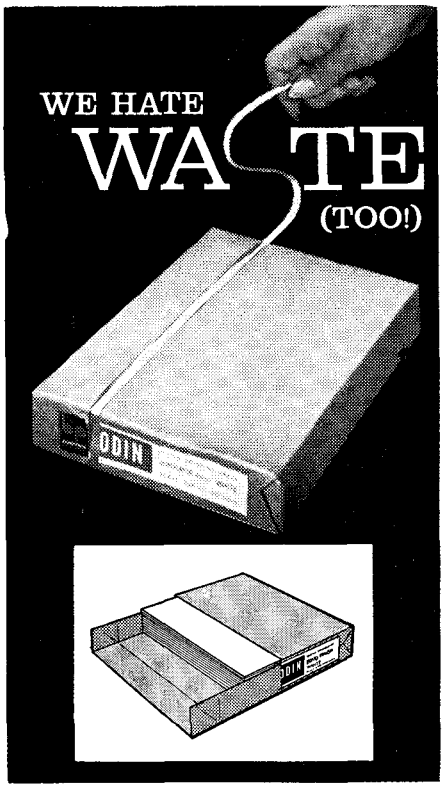

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

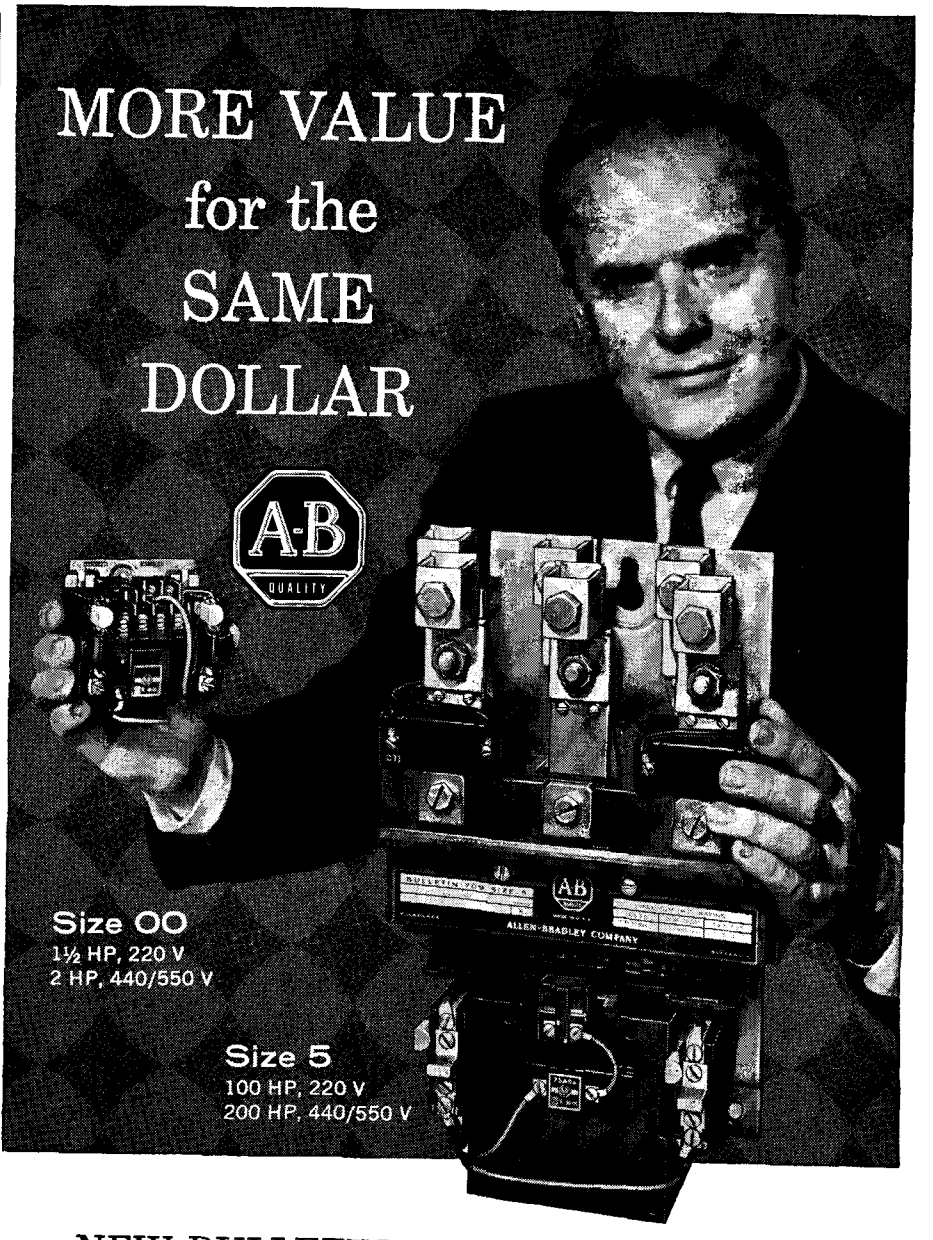
(Continued from p. 277)

din has applied an incredible mastery of the texts ancient and modern to a total reconstruction of the organism that was the Inca Empire: the personal lives of the people, of the elite, of the Incas their familiar life; their economic political, military, governmental life. But this makes only the half of his book. He adds a brilliant forty-page discussion of the historical sources, one hundred pages of sharp-witted notes, several maps, a bibliography of eight hundred sources, and a compendious index. The book is not only the summation of what is known about the Incas, but also a sagacious analysis of the effects of socialistic government; a supreme demonstration of sociological scholarship a sermon on the prerequisites of liberty (prerequisites that the Peruvian Indians have not achieved to this day); a partial vindication of the Spanish colonizers; and a classic in "objective" historical writing.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

BORAH, by Marian C. McKenna (University of Michigan, $7.50). Idaho's Senator William E. Borah believed that "a senator is the voice of the state in an assembly of states." For him, the constitution was inviolate. Although he coined the famous phrase "America first, let it cost what may," he was also the man who warned Wilson: "A nation which declares itself too proud to fight will soon be regarded by the nations of the earth as too cowardly to live." He fought the League, but not for isolation. The question with him was not withdrawal from world affairs, but when and where and how much to use the country's influence Borah rarely pleased the *New York Times*. Mark Sullivan pronounced him "splendidly inconsistent," hardly surprising for a lifelong Emerson reader. He was wrong on Russia ("Lenin is of no concern in the final adjustment of things") and slow to see the Nazi menace. But, as Miss McKenna points out, he was his own man. And as everybody today with five fingers to count on knows, they don't make them like that no more.

W. H. VON DREELE



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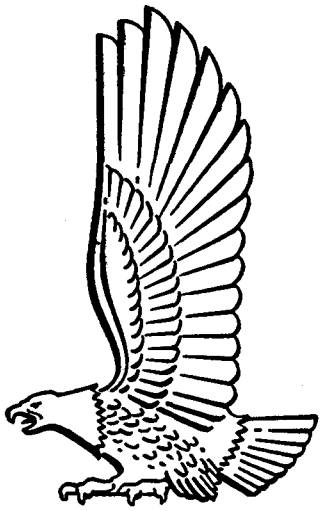
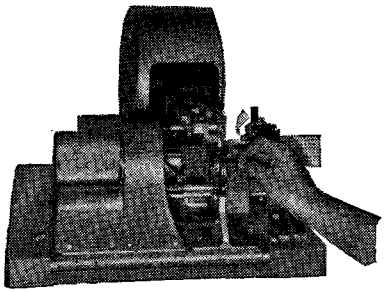
Indeed the Government is, among other things, the largest electric power producer in the country, the largest insurer, the largest insured, the largest lender and the largest borrower, the largest landlord and the largest tenant, the largest holder of grazing land, the largest holder of timberland, the largest owner of grain, the largest warehouse operator, the largest ship owner, and the largest truck fleet operator. For a nation which is the citadel and the world's principal exponent of private enterprise and individual initiative, this is a rather amazing list.

—Rowland Hughes
U.S. Budget Director, 1955



The wolf of socialism wears the clothing of sheep of many breeds. Whether in the guise of farm subsidies, socialized medicine, or government operation of business—each takes away a bit more of our rights as individuals . . . moves us a step further down the road to the slavery of socialism. As individuals and as a Company, we distrust any scheme, whether private or by government, which seeks to take from the dignity of the individual and the freedom of his enterprise. *The philosophy we try to practice in our Company is to encourage individual responsibility and to reward individual accomplishment.*



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3a

SPAIN

(Continued from p. 268)

free expression would bring to light would, this time, be less sharp, less violent, less unyielding than before. Now: there is not, either in Whitaker's book or in the heads of those Spaniards who would be his favorite dinner companions, one shred of evidence to justify any such optimism. Political freedom, American style, is not, in Spain, compatible with order. A proposal to move things in Spain along toward political freedom is, therefore, a proposal for a blood-bath. You must exert pressure in Spain in behalf of the forces of order or in behalf of the forces of disorder; and if you don't see that, as the danger is that America's policy-planners will *not* see it, the power that the economic aid program gives you is, as Huneker liked to say, a razor in the hands of a baby. That is, if you like, tragic; but its being tragedy does not make it any the less a fact of life. And your happening to disagree with the forces of order in Spain about freedom does not make them any the less the forces of order, who alone can prevent the new blood-bath.

3. All that, moreover, is indispensable to clear thinking and sound policy-making about the Franco dictatorship, that is, about Franco himself. We must get it through our heads that it is not "freedom" that Franco stands in the way of in Spain; freedom you are not going to get no matter which "side" you exert pressure for (in one case you get authoritarianism, in the other a blood-bath, which as you may have learned from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* isn't freedom either). What has to be saved from Franco is, paradoxical as that may seem, precisely the Spanish authoritarians, and not of course from Franco's authoritarianism but from his misgovernment, his laziness, his socialistic paternalism, his indifference not to freedom but to corruption. Which is to say (Whitaker is curiously timorous about this), *Franco must go* (be eased upstairs to the title of Prince of the Realm with no responsibilities except huntin' and fishin'); and any talk of liberalizing him, because as a matter of course that involves keeping him, merely fortifies him—by leaving Spain's authoritarian monarchists, who alone can create order in Spain, no alternative but to rally around him.

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Is self-reliance getting popular again?

Among the "dim-viewers" there's been a lot of talk about the disappearance of the virtues that have always made Americans want to be independent, to "stand on their own feet," to shape their own destinies. Sometimes the "dim-viewers" seem to be right.

Then, suddenly, something like this happens.

On Sunday, March 26, 1961, Nature delivered a Sunday punch at Italy, Texas, home town to 1200 people. Tornadic winds inflicted severe damage on the town. At that moment no one really knew what a tough and sturdy place Italy, Texas, is.

In less time than it takes to pass a money bill in Washington, Italy's Congressman wired an offer of federal aid. Italy said, "No, thanks!"

Here, in part, is Italy's reply, "City council authorizes me to thank you . . . Feel Federal treasury in worse shape than Italy and suggest any allocation . . . be applied to national debt."

The word got around. Thousands of citizens everywhere in the country applauded the little community for its action. Italy was 95% covered by individually purchased insurance on its storm damage. Italy has reduced taxes and eliminated municipal debt.

Looking at Italy, Texas, and the many Americans who praised its action, we feel sure the founding fathers, though they would certainly be shocked at the state of our Federal government, could not help but be proud of our people.

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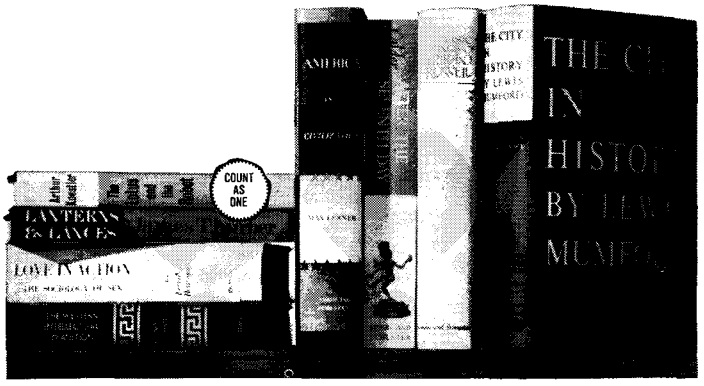

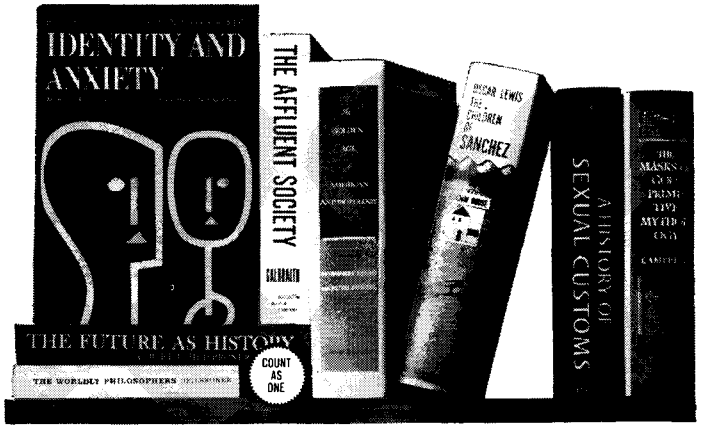

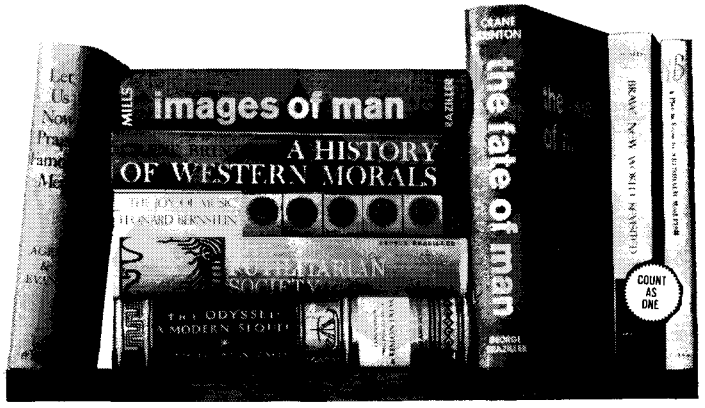

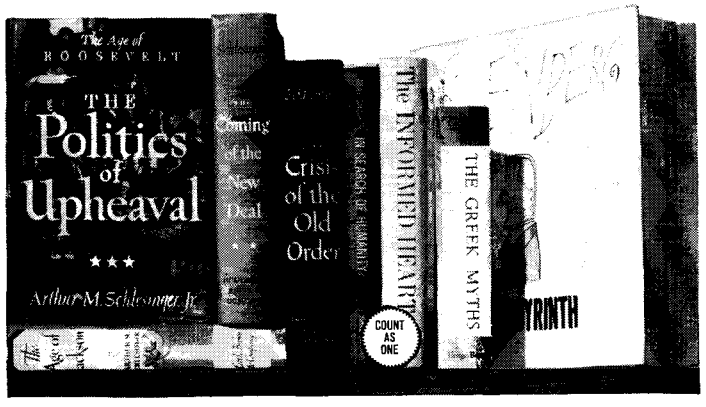

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